

# PROTEGE IS ACCUSED OF MURDER

Calvin C. Whittington Sought by Southern Police

Death of Wealthy L. A. Woman Laid at Door of Boarder

Search in the bay cities is being made by the police today for Calvin C. Whittington alias Richard Allison, whom the Los Angeles district attorney's office declared that they have enough evidence against to warrant his arrest for the murder of Mrs. Frances L. Harrison, a wealthy divorcee and money lender of Los Angeles and San Francisco, whose body was found in her bungalow at 2171 West Twenty-ninth street, Los Angeles, yesterday.

With the request for the murder complaint, the police set in motion the wheels of the police system of the bay cities in search for the missing suspect. A detailed description of Whittington was telegraphed to the local police.

With microscopes to examine even the smallest detail which might furnish them with a clue, the detectives again visited the scene of the murder today, they made a complete and thorough search of the house.

The convincing fact in the case which led the detectives to ask for the murder complaint was the declaration of Dr. A. F. Wagner, who said an autopsy of the body, that it was a clear case of murder.

Developments in the mystery murder were:

It was revealed Mrs. Harrison had \$53,000 in loans outstanding in San Francisco, her former home.

It was definitely established that Whittington spent the night of July 8 at the bungalow of Mrs. Harrison.

PREVIOUS RECORD.

It was learned that Whittington was arrested at Alhambra in March 1914, charged by A. J. Warren of San Francisco with passing forged checks. He was taken to San Francisco and released when he settled the matter with Warren.

Mrs. Harrison had more than \$700 in Los Angeles bank and on the day she was last seen alive drew \$55 from her account.

Mrs. Harrison had apparently been chloroformed. In the opinion of the coroner death occurred about July 7. The body was found in bed. The woman wore a nightdress and had evidently retired. A towel was folded across her face and beneath the bed was found two empty bottles which had evidently contained chloroform. The labels had been practically scratched from the bottles.

ROBBERY THEORY.

With the developments the police formed the theory that the woman was murdered with robbery as the motive.

As far as can be learned by the police, money and jewels amounting to several thousand dollars were taken from the house.

Detectives stated today that the conditions of the room of the house proved that Whittington had destroyed every paper by which his past might be traced.

A trunk was tilted on edge in the front room where the murder occurred in front of a window to screen the view of the body from outside of the house.

At a downtown hotel where the two had previously occupied separate apartments, they were known as Mrs. Warren Harrison and nephew, Mr. Whittington.

An inquest over the body of Mrs. Harrison was ordered held today.

WAS EASTERNER'S WIFE.

Mrs. Harrison was the wife of Theodore F. Harrison, a broker of Indianapolis, who held yesterday afternoon at the office of the company, Grove and Twenty-second streets, when the body of the woman was "closed shop."

Mrs. Harrison was 52 years of age, is survived by three children.

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# Bride Accused of Making Him Wed Youth, Intoxicated, Marries, Charge

SAN FRANCISCO, July 17.—Declaring that he is but 19 years of age, and that he was induced to wed only after he had been plied with liquor by the prospective bride, William Weller, a chauffeur who is heir to a large estate in the east, filed suit for the annulment of his marriage to Margarette Bruce Weller, an actress, aged 23, in the superior court today.

Arthur Crane, Weller's counsel, is authority for the statement that he is not only well connected, but will soon be of considerable wealth.

According to the complaint Weller and Miss Bruce were married in New York last January. The plaintiff alleges that he did not know who he was doing and indulged in alcoholic stimulants given him by Miss Bruce to such an extent that he was incapable of realizing that he was taking the marriage vow. He came here to bring proceedings for a legal separation.

# MAY WEEP AT HIS OWN GRAVE

When Charles Frederick Compton is taken from the county jail to Hayward Monday for arraignment on a charge of wife desertion he will meet many of his friends who about six weeks ago thought they were attending his funeral. He will be in the unique position of thanking them for the many beautiful floral offerings with which the bier supposed to contain his remains was decorated. He will even find in his wife's home a photograph of the "Gates Ajar" piece and the "Broken Wheel."

Out in the little country cemetery he will find, if he cares to seek, a fresh grave with a marble slab on which his name is engraved, but there for ages but probably soon to be removed.

Among the other things that may come to Compton's notice, in event his wife decides to forgive and take him back to her heart and home, will be her receipt for the funeral expenses and also the costs of bringing the supposed body back from Modesto, where it had been once buried after it was found in the Merced river near that place.

MAY WEEP FOR HIMSELF.

Compton will gaze upon the tombstone and wonder. He will look about him at his friends and wonder some more. He will look into the files of the town newspaper and read the obituaries. May be he will wonder again. At any rate he will have an opportunity to thank the people who the palobsters, for their intentions were all of the best.

It was no fault of Compton's that the mistake was made, except that after he left his home in Hayward on March 18 last and came to Oakland he might have taken the trouble to inform his wife that he was alive, even if he didn't intend to return. He was just tired of his home life, he explained, and decided to wander away from Oakland to Contra Costa county under the name of Fred Thompson.

In the meantime friends of his wife heard of the man in the morgue at Modesto and they went there at considerable expense and claimed the corpse. The corpse was so well identified that three insurance companies holding an aggregate of \$5000 insurance on Compton's life were paid.

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# Marye Not to Resign; Rumor Is Denied

PETROGRAD, July 17, 1 p. m.—via London, 7 p. m.—George I. Marye, little United States ambassador to Russia, when apprised today of the report circulated in America regarding his resignation, expressed great surprise and said he was entirely confident that he would not resign.

The rumor started, he denied that he had ever contemplated such a step. The ambassador said:

"I have found my duties in Russia most congenial and am glad to have an opportunity of rendering important service at this critical time. Nothing is further from my mind than a resignation of my duties. Mrs. Marye will return to Petrograd in the summer."

# CLARK IS FOR WAR FITNESS

Liberty Bell Day Orator Opposes "Peace at Any Price"

Exposition Reception Is Climax to National Honor to Relic

Welcomed by the cheers of thousands of loyal Californians and Americans after the longest journey in its history, banked with flowers by the enthusiastic westerners who gathered today to do honor to the famous relic of the nation's rise, the Liberty Bell is now in its resting place at the exposition. Housed in a special pavilion, it is now hung in state, guarded by soldiers and special officers and being visited by patriotic thousands.

This morning it was welcomed by San Francisco and Oaklanders in the great parade in which it was borne through the streets of the western boundaries of the land whose independence it once tolled.

This afternoon it was the motif for interesting exercises at the exposition where Champ Clark was speaker of the day. Declaring he did not believe in "peace at any price," the democratic leader proceeded to evolve a plan of military preparation. Increased enrollment at West Point and Annapolis and the development of the National Guard were among his projects.

From the time the bell entered California's boundary lines yesterday, its trip to San Francisco has been a long series of enthusiastic welcomes. Towns and cities of Northern California did it homage yesterday as it passed en route to Sacramento. Its arrival in San Francisco last night was the signal for the beginning of one of the biggest festivals the city has ever known. The train was late, but crowds waited patiently for the arrival of the bell. Business was suspended at the state capital.

PARADED THROUGH CITY.

Today's celebration in San Francisco opened with the great parade, when soldiers, sailors, marines and citizens, with the Philadelphia committee, officials of San Francisco, state and the exposition, marched before the relic. The bell, removed from its special car, on which it was placed on a great truck, from which it was, however, plainly visible at all times.

The parade proceeded from Third and Townsend streets to Market, then to Marshall Square, to Grove, through Grove to Van Ness avenue and north on Van Ness to Lombard street. From Lombard street the marchers proceeded to Scott street and thence north to the exposition.

First in the parade came a platoon of police, headed by Chief of Police White, and after this forty automobiles containing the officials of the day and the Philadelphia delegation. All branches of the service were in the parade. Colonel S. M. Foote commanded. Before the parade the bell was paraded before the troops, standing at attention.

SOLDIERS IN LINE.

After the automobiles in the parade came the military in ten divisions, a regiment of coast artillery leading, and being followed by a battalion of infantry, a battalion of marines, and detachments from the navy and from the National Guard. The semi-military orders formed the sixth, seventh and eighth divisions of the parade. Prominent among these were 200 members of the Lulu Temple of Shriner from Philadelphia, the Lulu Temple band and Arab Patrol, and the Nationals and California Grays.

Then came the object of the demonstration, the bell itself, protected by the First Cavalry from the Presidio, and followed by ambulance and field divisions of the army and eight armored automobiles that

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# GERMANS NEAR RIGA GREAT CITY FACING SIEGE

# BROKER DEAD; WOMEN HURT AUTO ROLLS OFF ROAD WITH 4

One Death, Three Persons Injured, Make Accident Toll

Speeding Car, Skidding, Pins Occupants Beneath Weight

Skidding on a smooth road, turning several somersaults as it crashed down a bank, and burying the occupants under it, an automobile, driven by John T. Costello, a San Francisco insurance man, last night hurled its driver to death and several others to injury. The seriously injured are:

MRS. W. W. LATHAM, 201 Orange street, Oakland, fractured skull. May die.

MRS. BESSIE McTAGGART, 770 Eighth street, Oakland, bruised and cut.

W. W. LATHAM, slightly cut.

The party was returning from a touring trip to San Jose and vicinity, and had passed Dawson Corner when the accident occurred. The car, according to the survivors, skidded at the sharp corner, turned over several times, and then righted itself, dropping its occupants beneath it. Costello was thrown on his head, death being instantaneous, while the others were pinned under the machine.

WOMAN WILL DIE.

Mrs. Latham was hurled to the O'Connor Sanatorium in San Jose, where she was treated by Dr. George P. Hall. Virtually no hope is held out for her recovery.

Latham, who escaped almost unhurt, is an insurance broker of Oakland. He and Costello, who is in the same business across the bay, were old friends. Costello was at the wheel and, according to the passengers, the car was going at nearly sixty miles an hour when the accident occurred. The car was a 1914 model, and was carrying four passengers.

Mrs. Jessie St. Clair of this city, a sister of Mrs. Latham, hurried to San Jose this morning. The daughter of the Lathams had been left in charge of Mrs. St. Clair.

Latham is a pioneer member of the Oakland Builders' Exchange and is local representative of the Massachusetts Bonding Company. He

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# DEATH DESIRED, CHARGE

Britain Denounces Lusitania Sinking Lord Mersey Gives Official Findings

LONDON, July 17, 10:54 a. m.—"Torpedoes fired by a submarine of German nationality," caused the loss of the steamship Lusitania and its passengers, according to the findings of the court of inquiry appointed to investigate the disaster.

The court held that no blame for the tragedy attached either to Captain Turner, commander of the vessel, or the Cunard line, the owners.

"After having carefully inquired into the circumstances of the disaster," says the formal report of the court, "the court finds the loss of said ship and lives was due to damage caused the ship by torpedoes fired by a submarine of German nationality."

In the opinion of the court the act was done not merely with the intention of sinking the ship, but also with the intention of destroying the lives of the people on board.

Other salient features of the report are that the "lifeboat and lifebel facilities were adequate; that the demeanor of the crew was above all blame and that the conduct of the passengers, barring a slight panic when the steersman passengers came on deck, was praiseworthy."

LINER NOT ARMED.

The court also found that the ship was unarmed and carried a cargo of general ammunition consisting only of 5000 cases of cartridges, from which there was no explosion.

A small number of survivors, almost entirely of survivors of the Lusitania and their relatives, listened to the reading of the findings by Baron Mersey.

The report was a distinct disappointment to the American survivors, who expressed indignant surprise at the portion which exonerated Captain Turner and the Cunard line from all blame and commended the discipline of the crew.

Several attorneys representing American clients listened closely to the reading of the judgment which may have a great effect on actions brought against the steamship company.

Among the spectators were Walter Webb-Ware, representing the Vanderbilt family; Major F. Warren Pearl and Mrs. Heart of New York and F. B. Jenkins of Chicago, survivors, and William Crichton of New York, whose wife was lost.

CRITICISM NOT ADVERSE.

Before the reading began Major Pearl expressed the opinion that the decision would sharply condemn the officers of the ship and of the Cunard line for negligence.

"No doubt there were mishaps in handling the ropes of the boats," Lord Mersey said, "but in my opinion there was no incompetence or neglect."

Baron Mersey found that Captain Turner was fully advised by the British admiralty as to the best course to follow and added that in some respects he did not follow these out. The court pointed out, however, that the admiralty instructions were not intended to prevent Captain Turner from exercising his individual judgment and that his failure to follow the admiralty's advice to the letter was no reason for blame.

The reduction of the Lusitania's speed from 24 1/2 to 21 knots still left the vessel faster than any other boat on the Atlantic, said Baron Mersey, and he found there was no reason to blame the Cunard company for this economy during war time.

Relative to admiralty instructions the court said this phase of the inquiry was in camera and that it would be contrary to public interest to discuss it.

PRaise FOR SEAMEN.

Lord Mersey in handing down the judgment said in part:

"The captain of the ship, Mr. Thomas Turner, gave his evidence truthfully and well. I am quite satisfied that the two captains and the officers are competent men and that they did their duty. Captain Turner remained on the bridge till he was swept into the sea and Captain Anderson was working on deck until he was overboard and was drowned."

The court here praised Leslie M. Morton, a member of the crew who shipped at New York and was acting as extra lookout man at the time the Lusitania was torpedoed, saying:

"He was only 18 years old, but he seems to have exhibited great courage, self-possession and resource. He was the first to observe the approach of the torpedo, and he touched the bridge by means of a telephone."

Though knocked off his feet when a torpedo hit the Lusitania and later having to swim for his life, Lord Mersey said, the youth, aided by a member of the crew named Pary, righted a collapsible boat and was instrumental in saving nearly a hundred lives.

The court here analyzed the passenger list, giving the saved and lost by sex and by nationality and commenting on the lack of a general panic. He added:

"Some passengers attempted to assist in launching the boats and in my opinion they did more harm than good. It is, however, done so today but he is out of the city."

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# HINDENBURG PLANS BIG COUP

Strategy to Destroy Russian Army at Blow

Teuton Forces in Coordinated Attack on 800-Mile Front

LONDON, July 17, 12:28 p. m.—A new German offensive of huge proportions, with Riga, a great Russian seaport and the seat of the government of the Baltic provinces, as its objective, is revealed in the latest official statements issued at Petrograd and Berlin.

Military experts here construe the offensive to be a vast envelopment movement in which the Germans are making a great effort to destroy the Russian army.

Both the German and Russian communications agree that the German forces are at the Windau river, near Goldingen, only eighty miles from Riga, the great strategic commercial metropolis in the gulf of Riga and on the upper Baltic.

An official statement received today from Petrograd adds details of sanguinary fighting all along the new line in efforts to hold back the German advance which now is being concentrated on Riga and on Warsaw, while the Austria-Hungarians are moving northward from the Danube river.

TRAIL OF RUINS.

Advices reaching London today say that the Germans left a trail of destruction along the Baltic sea, from Memel to Libau, where the villas, hotels and casinos are said to have been destroyed, about the only exception, it is said, being the palace of a Polish nobleman whose cousin married an American woman. The palace is now being used as a military headquarters in which Prince Henry of Prussia and Field Marshal von Hindenburg recently conferred on the new offensive towards Riga.

The Crown Prince Frederick William's drive in the Argonne, the latest, is now being used as a small success, is gaining a few hundred yards of terrain, but as a failure in attaining its real object—a decisive penetration of the French line.

DEMANDS INCREASED.

The miners now have increased their demands by asking the government to withdraw the royal proclamation making the coal mines subject to the munitions act. President Runciman of the Board of Trade rejected this proposal at a conference last night.

The extremists leaders declare, however, that it is a question no longer of a 5 per cent increase in wages, but the abrogation of the royal proclamation which subjects the miners to a fine of \$15 daily for striking.

No effort has been made to break the fines against the 150,000 strikers, which the leaders construe as an evidence of the virtual impossibility of carrying out the plans.

Reports received this morning from

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# DIFFERENTIAL RATE HEARING POSTPONED

State Railroad Commissioner Harvey Loveland, acting on the request of attorneys representing the Southern Pacific Company and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, has postponed the hearing of the Oakland "differential rate" case, which was to have come up for hearing Tuesday morning to October 6.

City Attorney Paul C. Mort of Oakland and H. H. Sanborn, this municipality's special agent in the rate cases, are in consultation with M. M. Jones of the Oakland Commercial Club this afternoon, and will appear before Loveland next Monday and ask him to change his order and permit them an opportunity to have a hand in the proceedings before the "iron" is taken.

Loveland's action in postponing the hearing has been pending before the commission for more than a year, and has been subjected to three or four postponements during that time. When it was set for Tuesday of next week it was announced that the hearing would surely be come through with at this time.

Seth Mann, attorney for the traffic bureau of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; C. R. Durbrow, counsel for the Southern Pacific Company, and a representative of the city attorney's office in San Francisco met with Loveland yesterday and asked him to grant another postponement of the case. No representative of the city of Oakland was present at the hearing.

The attorneys asked for postponement on the ground that the new bill of the Interstate Commerce Commission making Oakland and San Francisco the two big terminal points of the Pacific Coast will go into effect on August 15, and for that reason the railroads should be given an opportunity to adjust their business schedules before local rates were considered or changed. Loveland agreed to the postponement, naming October 6 as the new date for the hearing.

"I knew nothing of all this until today," Loveland said, "and I am sorry I wasn't asked to attend this conference. It was the opinion of any other Oakland representative required. We will take this matter up with Commissioner Loveland next Monday. We would have done so today but he is out of the city and we have been unable to locate him."

# OAKLAND TRACTION COMPANY NOT TO AGREE TO CLOSED SHOP

A conference between a committee representing the Oakland Carmen's Union and the board of directors of the San Francisco-Oakland Terminal Railway Company was held yesterday afternoon at the offices of the company, Grove and Twenty-second streets, when the conditions of the proposed "closed shop" were discussed.

After some three hours of discussion, during which all points of the matter were gone into, the directors decided to deny the request of the street car men.

The union committee was headed by President Lebeck and Business Agent R. Y. Scott of the union. The meeting was harmonious and there was no dispute. The request has been made of the company at different times by the union men for the past three years and has always been refused. The union officials asked permission to bring it before the directors and on this request a hearing was granted. All phases of the matter were discussed. The ruling, say the company officials, would affect only a few non-union men in the shops and yards, and the refusal will not alter working conditions. The union officials seek the adoption of the system principally as a means of gaining standing for their union.

President George K. Weeks of the company presided at the meeting, which, besides the union matter, took up several matters of the company's routine business. The session was held in the company's offices on Grove and Twenty-second streets.

**Tribune—Roberson Travelogues**

COUPON NO. 13.

This coupon and 10 cents admits you to the following travelogue on first time only. Gives you a reserved seat on first time only. Not valid for 2nd or 3rd time. First time only.

Saturday Matinee—The Grand Canyon.

Sunday Night—London.

Sunday Matinee—The Alps.

Sunday Night—Beautiful America.

Macdonough Theater, at 8:15.

This coupon must be presented not later than July 19th, 1915.

Reserved Seats—Tickets may be bought one week in advance on this coupon.

**The Guest of Honor**

You, Old Bell, though worn and crippled  
You! The Honored Guest shall be.  
Every loyal heart remembers  
How you rang for Liberty.

You first told this wondrous story—  
"The Flag of Freedom is unfurled."  
Tho' long years ago you told it,  
It still rings around the world.

Still that iron voice is ringing,  
And its music ne'er will cease.  
Once again we long to hear you,  
Ring, Old Bell! Oh! Ring for peace!

That this pilgrimage you're making,  
Surely some great work is for.  
God in heaven, Oh, grant this glory,  
That you ring the end of war!

As in that far Quaker City,  
You once rang a knell of Fate.  
May you ring the Peace of Nations,  
Here, beside the Golden Gate!

—MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN.  
Alameda, California.

**Lansing Gives Wilson Report on Conference**

CORNISH, N. H., July 17.—President Wilson was in communication today with Secretary Lansing regarding the German situation, including the conference yesterday between the secretary and Count Bernstorff, the German ambassador. There will be no further developments in the situation, however, until the President returns to Washington early next week.

**Former Premier Costa of Portugal Recovering**

LISBON, July 15, via Paris, July 17, 3:35 p. m.—Dr. Alfonso Costa, former Premier of Portugal, is reported to have passed the crisis of his illness. He has improved steadily since an operation which was performed early in the week. President Braga called today at the hospital and talked with Dr. Costa, who is the leader of the Democrats of the country.

**Cartridge Is Sent in Box to Governor**

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 17.—A small cartridge box addressed to Governor W. S. Hammond and containing a cartridge, to which was attached a note, was sent by Secretary C. M. Andrus in the Governor's office in the capitol this afternoon.







## CLARK ADDRESSES BELL DAY CROWD

Greater Military Preparedness  
Is Theme of Speaker of  
House.

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have just completed an experimental trip to the exposition from Lake Geneva, Wis.

The formal program in honor of the bell was held in front of the Tower of Jewels. C. C. Moore, president of the exposition, acted as presiding officer and other speakers were Joseph P. Gaffney, representing the city of Philadelphia; Governor Hiram W. Johnson and Mayor James Rolph.

These men, with other citizens, were in the fore portion of the parade. When they arrived at the stand they took their places and reviewed the military portion, which passed directly in front of the stand, between the speakers and the audience.

**CHILD PAY AD TRIBUTE.**  
Little Helen France lifted the flag from the bell carriage and forty-eight girls, representing the states of the Union, marched past. Salutes were fired from the war vessels in the harbor and a giant salvo was shot from the exposition's battery on the Manna. All over the city, by telephonic signal, the word was passed.

Following the official exercises the bell was escorted to its place at the Pennsylvania building, where it will remain until the end of the exposition. A concrete and metal vault will house the relic, special arrangements having been made for the showing of the bell.

Speaker Clarke was inspired by the reception of the bell to discuss the need of greater military preparedness to preserve to citizens of the United States that liberty of which the bell is an historic symbol.

In the course of his remarks he said:

**NOT PEACE AT ANY PRICE.**  
"I am not a peace man at any price. That is an amazing, a demoralizing, a degrading doctrine.

"On the other hand I am utterly opposed to those who advocate a large standing army, and to those who advocate a navy equal to the biggest navies in the world. I am not a jingo. God forbid I hope most profoundly there will never be another war—particularly another to which we are a party, but knowing that human nature has not changed a jot or tittle since Adam and Eve were driven with flaming swords from Paradise, I am in favor of putting the country in such posture that if war should for any reason, become necessary we may emerge from it conquerors, as we have been in all our wars.

"Towards the consummation of this plan I am in favor of doubling the number of cadets at West Point and of making it obligatory upon the secretary of war to detail an army officer to any school, college or university, which will furnish a minimum of two hundred students to drill in that way and at the least possible cost would insure a few years hence enough drilled men to officer a volunteer army of a million soldiers, if it needs be.

**WANTS MORE CADETS.**  
"In fact, there would be wisdom in a scheme by which in addition to the cadets educated free by the government at West Point, at Annapolis, any boy possessing the prescribed qualifications might on reasonable terms be educated at those great institutions. The surplus West Pointers could be used to advantage in drilling the youths of the land, while the surplus naval graduates would make splendid officers for the great merchant marine which President Wilson and some of the rest of us are determined to place upon the high seas from which our flag has almost entirely disappeared.

"We should also have a well drilled, and well equipped National Guard to be used for strictly national purposes on the principle followed by Thomas Jefferson's well disciplined militia—our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them.

"It seems that it is Switzerland can mobilize in a few days an army of half a million well drilled men by means of her system of military education and discipline—the cheapest system known among men and sufficient to effect the purpose of such application of her system as by such means in a year or two, be able to mobilize an army of two millions of well disciplined men at a cost which would be a mere bagatelle—which would be a mere bagatelle—insurance for this country and all her citizens and their interests."

The Liberty bell, several times recast, and having tolled for many notable events in the history of the Declaration of Independence from the Philadelphia state house, has had an eventful history. The principal events in its career are as follows:

**HISTORY OF BELL.**  
1782—The bell was hung in the tower of the State House at Philadelphia.

1783—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

1793—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

1834—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

1848—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

1862—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

1892—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

1902—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

1912—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

1915—The bell was recast by the Liberty Bell Foundry in London.

## United Artisans End Big Convention



Officers and delegates to first annual convention of United Artisans, which closed today. Top, left to right: MRS. DILLIA MURRAY, of Portland; MRS. ELLA WATT, supreme instructor; center, left to right, THOMAS BEDARD, of Portland; EUGENE KESSEL, president of the Portland 1915 Club; FRANK M. REED, president of Oakland convention committee; lower, MRS. THOMAS BEDARD.

phia in August. At the first stroke of the clapper it cracked.

1753—Bell recast in Philadelphia with copper added to metal; found to have lost its tone. Again recast and hung in the State House. Was rung on many state occasions.

1776, July 8—Proclaimed the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4.

1777—Moved for the first time after the final casting. Taken to Allentown, Pa., where Philadelphia was threatened by the British troops.

1781—Returned to Philadelphia.

1781—Rung in celebration of the surrender of General Cornwallis to General George Washington.

1793—Proclamation of the treaty of peace with England. Muffled, tolled for the death of Washington.

1824—Pealed a welcome to Lafayette in Philadelphia.

1826, July 4—Heralded the jubilee celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

1832, February 22—Greeted the centennial anniversary of the birth of Washington.

1834, July 21—Muffled, tolled for the death of Lafayette.

1835, July—Tolled at the obsequies of John Marshall, first chief justice of the United States Supreme Court. This was the last time the bell was rung, as the first crack appeared immediately afterward. It is thought the flaw was started, the bell actually receiving its death stroke, in the frantic ringing on July 8, 1776, when it called the populace to hear the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

1855—Second trip to the New Orleans Exposition.

1892—Third trip to the Columbia Exposition at Chicago.

1901—Fourth trip, Buffalo.

1902—Fifth trip, Charleston.

1903—Sixth trip, Boston.

1904—Seventh trip, St. Louis. (After the return from the St. Louis Exposition the crack extended from the side of the bell to the shoulder and the bell was removed to the Philadelphia state house, to remain until December.)

The bell is of bronze, weighs 2080 pounds, is 5 feet in diameter, 3 inches in greatest thickness.

**Boy Burned When Gasoline Explodes**

ALAMEDA, July 17.—A gasoline explosion believed to have been caused by a boy's smoking while drawing the explosive, badly damaged the store of T. D. Raymond at Morton station this morning and painfully burned Edward Legley, an employee.

The boy, who is 14, had gone to the rear of the store to draw a can of gasoline when the explosion was heard. Raymond rescued the boy, who was wrapped in flames. He was removed to the Alameda Sanitarium. He will recover. The fire department extinguished the blaze, which badly damaged the rear of the store.

**RESCUERS OF HUMANS PLAN SERVICES HERE**  
Mr. and Mrs. George Long, rescuers of human wrecks, connected with the great Inasmuch Mission, will arrive in Oakland, Monday, July 19, and on Tuesday, July 20, will occupy the pulpit of the Church of the Advent, intersection of Twelfth avenue and East Sixteenth street, Oakland, tomorrow at 11 a. m., talking on "The Born Men." The public is invited to attend.



With exercises today in the Oregon building at the Exposition, the United Artisans of the Western States closed their first annual convention, which opened in the Pacific building, Sixteenth and Jefferson street, last Thursday morning. Close to 500 delegates and visitors were present at the services across the bay.

The exercises opened at 10:30 o'clock this morning with the playing of selections by the women's band of the order, after which one of the Exposition officials presented a commemorative bronze medal to the visitors. This was accepted by Mrs. Ella Watt, the supreme instructor of the order, who made a short address. George Hyland, manager of the Oregon building, delivered an address of welcome and Judge Robert G. Morrow of Portland, Ore., gave the response.

E. S. Hudson, supreme master artisan, of Portland, was the orator of the day. C. L. McKenna, the supreme secretary, also spoke. The program was interspersed with musical and literary numbers, given by Mrs. Edna Connor, Harvey Hudson, Jr., of Portland, Miss Neva Breeding of Oakland, Mrs. Leonie Peterson of Salem, Ore., and Mrs. Lous Feebles Junck of Berkeley. Following exhibitions by members of the three 1915 drill teams of Portland, Salem and Oakland organizations, the delegates were entertained at a luncheon in the Oregon building.

**COTTON NOT NECESSARY FOR HIGH EXPLOSIVES**

LONDON, July 17.—W. F. Reid, inventor of a process for making smokeless powder and former president of the Society of Chemical Industry, declared today at a meeting of the society that there was no truth in statements made by some scientists that cotton was absolutely necessary to the production of high explosive shells.

There is practically no cotton used in the manufacture of high explosives," Reid declared. "The whole thing is a great fraud. There may be some trace of cotton in the explosive, but the bulk of it is coal products.

"Eminent scientists have made erroneous statements on this subject. If people associated with science would only speak on the branches with which they are connected the advantage would be very great."

**PEACE PARLEY FAILS AT REMINGTON WORKS**

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 17.—J. J. Keppeler, international vice-president of the "Katharine" Union, who headed a committee which went today to the Remington Arms Company to present demands formulated by a strike meeting of the Bridgeport machinists last night, announced today that a general strike of machinists would be called on Monday. He said Major Walter G. Penfield, general manager of the Remington Arms and Ammunition Company, had refused to deal with the committee.

**IRISH LABOR LEADER TO SPEAK IN OAKLAND**

The Building Trades Council and the Central Labor Union have arranged a mass meeting to be held in Hamilton Auditorium, Thirteenth and Jefferson streets Monday evening, James Larkin, the prominent Irish labor leader, will speak.

Larkin will lecture on the general labor situation in the United Kingdom and the feeling of the workmen of England and Ireland toward the war. He has been a leader of the Irish labor movement and is well acquainted with the lives and desires of the laborers of his country.

## HOLD ALLEGED CONFIDENCE MAN

Wallington Stories Equalled  
in Accounts of G. F.  
Hilton.

George F. Hilton, an agent of the National Mercantile Company, the concern which promised "get-rich-quick" opportunities to investors, and which is said to have received large sums of money from Pacific investors in almost all the United States cities where it had agents, was held to answer before Judge Moritzer Smith today on a felony charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

A pitiful story was told by Mrs. C. E. Porter, 3202 East Fourteenth street, who was the victim in this case and whose life's savings were lost through accepting Hilton's promises on their face value. Mrs. Porter had saved by painstaking economies the sum of \$3000 to assure herself of a future in old age. She has lost this entire sum, but it is being made up to her by E. R. Patterson, 3432 East Fourteenth street, in small payments.

It was through representations made to her by Hilton, that Mrs. Porter lost her money. The National Mercantile Company, one of the chief officials of which was George A. Stillings, now over the border in Canada, gave glowing promises of quick returns on money. The concern promised to pay 7, 8 and 10 per cent on money invested, or to permit the investor to obtain loans from the company under stipulated conditions, paying only 3 or 4 per cent interest on the money.

The testimony in the Hilton case showed that a year ago Patterson met Hilton and was told by him that he could get a mortgage on his place in San Francisco for \$14,000 to put into his business. He could get this loan at 4 per cent interest, but would have to become a stockholder in the Mercantile Company. To obtain so large a loan he would have to invest about \$3000. Patterson did not have the money to invest. But the assurances of Hilton were so confident in their tone, and the company's literature so convincing, that Patterson asked his old friend Mrs. Porter to invest, with the understanding that she should assign him her right to secure a loan when the time came. The company went into a receivership and, according to Prosecuting Attorney Ezra DeCoto, was never able to make good the promises of quick returns which it held out.

Hilton was held to answer on \$3000 bail for trial before the Superior Court.

## VILLA WILL BE FIRST IN FIELD

At Torreon the Rebel Leader  
Makes Plans for Hard  
Drive at Foe.

By Associated Press.  
TORREON, Mex., July 17.—General Francisco Villa has announced that he will not wait for Carranza's command to make the first move. He has announced a plan for active campaigns in the states of Nuevo Leon and Coahuila, and will attempt to reopen the coal fields about Monclova, Salinas and Bactan.

Following the capture of the late president, arrived here yesterday from Paredon, a town east of Torreon, to confer with Villa. Madero, it was stated, will be in charge of the major operations east of here. Villa has given orders that repair work on the railroads to the coal mines be expedited.

**CONSUL REPORTS.**  
WASHINGTON, July 17.—American Consul Agent Carothers reported today that quiet prevailed between Zacatecas and Torreon. His message, however, is believed to have been delayed, as other reports to the department said Villa's forces abandoned Zacatecas to the Carranza army and retreated northward toward Torreon, destroying the railroad. Villa is reported at Torreon.

**MANY COME TO AID OF STRICKEN FAMILY**

In many donations of food and money and clothes, help has been brought to the destitute family of seven on Fifth street since the pitiful story of their plight was presented to the readers of The Tribune two nights ago. Provision for the family's future is still to be made, for they have no source of income besides these kindnesses that now are being shown them.

Not one of the people who so far have made money donations to this cause has permitted the use of his or her name.

"It is all right if she gets it," they say. "We're not looking for advertisement."

So it is necessary to chronicle the subscriptions received to this noon in the following manner:

Boy.....\$ .50  
E. T......50  
T. D......50  
A Mother.....1.00  
Friend.....1.00  
Man.....1.00  
Friend......50  
Friend......50  
Friend......50  
Boy......50  
Friend (shoe order).....15.00

The name and address of the widow's mother and her brood of six little ones will be given to any interested person who takes the trouble to call The Tribune office.

**MRS. THOMAS TO SPEAK AT BIG PEACE MEETING**

Mrs. William Thomas of New York, one of the delegates to the last international Congress of the Hague Tribunal, will speak in Oakland tomorrow evening at the peace meeting to be held in St. Francis hall, Unitarian church, by the Socialist party. Mrs. Thomas is executive secretary of the Woman's Peace Party of America. Her husband is one of the Chicago University faculty and is author of "Sex and Society," one of the best books of that nature to be given to the public.

Walter Thomas of Berkeley, lecturer and author known as "the little giant of the Socialist party," is also in the program. The public is invited to attend this peace meeting.

## FOUR PERISH IN FLOODS IN OHIO

Loss in Damaged Property  
Proves Heavy in Great  
Deluge.

By Associated Press.  
COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 17.—Four dead, scores injured and more than \$1,000,000 worth of property damaged were the toll of floods which resulted from torrential rains throughout central Ohio. Hundreds of acres of land are under water and vast areas imperiled by weak levees and embankments.

In several places in Ohio the disastrous flood of March, 1913, was exceeded, but last night most of the swollen streams were stationary and fears of further damage were allayed by favorable weather predictions. At Lima where two lives were lost, more than 200 houses submerged and a large area flooded. Mayor Miles Standish issued a proclamation stating that while the property damage there would amount to thousands of dollars, it would be less than the loss of life.

**RIVERS STILL RISE.**  
In Columbus both the Scioto and Olentangy rivers after flooding a large section early in the day were slowly rising last night, but the weather bureau gave assurance that no serious damage would result here, unless the rainfall should be excessive. The Mount street levee which began leaking this afternoon and threatened to send its great volume of pent up water to overflow a section which suffered in the flood two years ago, was being repaired.

A large portion of Kenton was submerged when the Scioto overflowed. Foraker, a village near Kenton also suffered considerable damage. Several houses were washed away and it is feared that a number of persons lost their lives.

The Miami river rose five feet at Dayton but caused no alarm as it is far below the flood stage. Mount Vernon and Lancaster each reported one death due to the storm.

Included in the property damage are killing crop losses amounting to several thousand dollars.

**WARNING IS GIVEN.**  
By Associated Press.  
KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 17.—Big packing concerns and other business interests in the west bottoms here were warned by the government weather bureau today to prepare for Sunday night. Residents of the lowlands east of Kansas City were warned to expect a 30-foot mark in the Missouri river. Should the rivers go as high as predicted serious damage is feared.

The Kansas river here this morning stood at 23.5 feet, a fall of two tenths of a foot over night. The Missouri was 27.5 feet, a rise of two tenths of a foot since yesterday afternoon.

Scattering rains fell in the Kansas river watershed last night. The first death in the swollen waters occurred at Seneca, Kas., early today. An infant son of Benjamin Wichim was drowned when a buggy in which he was riding, his wife and the child were whirled by a current overturned while fording a small stream.

Conditions in northwest Missouri were improved today.

**JAMES E. HARING, NOTED TURFMAN, PASSES AWAY**

By Associated Press.  
NEW YORK, July 17.—James E. Haring, famous forty years ago as the breeder and owner of celebrated horses, died yesterday in his home at Scotch Hill, Nanuet, N. Y. He was 78 years old. Among the noted horses bred on his farm were Denacolon, Scotland Maid and Goldsmith Maid. Turf devotees have declared that Haring did more than any other man in the country to keep commercialism out of horse breeding and racing.

**WATERWAY BOARD NAMED.**  
SACRAMENTO, July 17.—A commission to consider waterways improvements in California was appointed yesterday by Governor Johnson. The commission will devise a plan for the improvement of navigation in Carquinez straits and in the San Joaquin, Sacramento and other rivers. The commission follows:

John M. Perry and George A. Atherton, Senators; C. W. Wood, W. R. Sharkey and E. J. Randall, Contra Costa county; V. S. McCatchy, Lee C. Gebhart and S. Glen Andrus, Sacramento.

## THREE CONVICTS MAKE DASH FOR LIBERTY

By Associated Press.  
SAN FRANCISCO, July 17.—Three convicts escaped from the San Francisco State Prison yesterday afternoon from the roof of the building. The escape was made at 4 o'clock. The convicts had been in the prison for several years. They were all of the same race and color. They were all of the same age. They were all of the same height. They were all of the same weight. They were all of the same build. They were all of the same complexion. They were all of the same hair. They were all of the same eyes. They were all of the same nose. They were all of the same mouth. They were all of the same chin. They were all of the same neck. They were all of the same shoulders. They were all of the same arms. They were all of the same legs. They were all of the same feet. They were all of the same hands. They were all of the same fingers. They were all of the same toes. They were all of the same nails. They were all of the same skin. They were all of the same bones. They were all of the same muscles. They were all of the same nerves. They were all of the same blood. They were all of the same breath. They were all of the same sweat. They were all of the same tears. They were all of the same saliva. They were all of the same urine. They were all of the same feces. They were all of the same hair. They were all of the same skin. They were all of the same bones. They were all of the same muscles. They were all of the same nerves. They were all of the same blood. They were all of the same breath. They were all of the same sweat. They were all of the same tears. They were all of the same saliva. They were all of the same urine. They were all of the same feces.

JUST 40 JARDINIERS TO BE SOLD.

Saturday Special  
After 6 O'Clock  
**KAHN'S**  
After 6 O'Clock

**SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL  
BRASS JARDINIERS**



98c  
One to a Customer  
Reg. \$1.35  
Price

3rd Floor--Grocery Dept.--3rd Floor

## AMUSEMENTS AT THE ORPHEUM

**NAZIMOVA in "WAR BRIDES"**  
Orpheum Players in "ON THE QUIET"  
Next Sunday—"TOO MANY COOKS," Wm. A. Brady's Biggest Comedy Hit  
All at the new "Vacation Prices."

**Hippodrome Oakland**  
Best Show Yet!  
Including first run in Oakland of THE POMP OF CARTHAGE  
Feature Photo Play  
Matinee, 10c, any seat (except Monday and Holidays).  
Evenings, 15c, any seat.

**Pantages**  
Matinee 10c  
Any Seat  
Night 10c and 20c  
Any Seat  
A Great Eight-Act Show

**SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION**  
CHAS. SMITH'S  
**OAKLAND BOYS' BAND**  
30 Musical Tongues.

**SARAH PADDEN & CO.**  
"The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row"

**Motion Picture Theaters**  
TODAY LAST TIME.  
**MARY PICKFORD**  
As "LITTLE PAUL"  
TOMORROW  
BLANCHE SWEET in "THE CLUE"  
Matinee 10c. Evenings, 10 and 15c.

Broadway at 15th St.—PARAMOUNT PICTURES—ORCHESTRA EVENINGS

**Oakland Theatre**  
TODAY LAST TIME.  
**MARY PICKFORD**  
As "LITTLE PAUL"  
TOMORROW  
BLANCHE SWEET in "THE CLUE"  
Matinee 10c. Evenings, 10 and 15c.

Broadway at 15th St.—PARAMOUNT PICTURES—ORCHESTRA EVENINGS

**FRANKLIN THEATRE**  
CHANGE OF PROGRAM SUNDAY AND THURSDAY

TODAY—LAST TIME TO SEE  
EDITH STOREY IN  
"THE ISLAND OF REGENERATION"  
Adapted from Cyrus Townsend Brundage's widely  
Discovered Novel. Other Franklin Features.  
Commencing Tomorrow, Betty Hansen in  
"Should a Mother Tell?"

**Hotel Oakland**  
EUROPEAN PLAN  
\$1.50 A DAY UP.  
Very reasonable a la carte and table d'hôte service.  
Attractive, permanent rates.  
Victor Reiter, Manager.

**Painless Parker**  
MAKES GOOD  
12TH AND BROADWAY

**Dr. George Caldwell**  
Nose, Throat and Ear  
Surgical treatment for all diseases of the  
throat, nose, ears, tonsils, and sinuses.  
FREE CONSULTATION.  
1706 Broadway, Phone Oakland 3025  
Hours: 10:15, 2:15, 5:15, 8:15, 11:15.

**Show Us a Successful Man**  
and we will show you a man who fairly lives by plan. He puts system into his time, his thoughts and his work. He always knows where he is going, what he is going to do, and how he is going to do it.

The more system you can put into your money affairs, the sooner you will rise above your present circumstances. Earn systematically. Save systematically. Analyze your expenses. See where your money goes. Save the dollars that are going to waste, and put them to your savings account at the Oakland Bank of Savings. Thus are fortunes begun.

**The Oakland Bank of Savings**  
The Oldest and Largest Bank in Alameda County.

**Twelfth and Broadway**  
Seventh Street Branch Located at 1210 Seventh Street.  
Berkeley Branch—N. E. Corner Shattuck Ave. & Center St.

## Wheat Eaters Conquer the World Says an Authority

Eating bread isn't the same as eating wheat, because white flour does not contain ALL the wheat.

There is one breakfast food called "FORCE" that contains all the elements of whole wheat, scientifically blended and cooked with barley malt; then rolled, toasted and flaked.

"FORCE" comes to you fresh and crisp from the factory, in air-tight, dust-proof packages. These packages contain enough "FORCE" to make several meals for the average-sized family. And yet one hears so much these days about the high cost of living.

A diet of wheat means leadership. The progress of the nations prove that wheat is the conqueror of the world. "FORCE" is the highest possible attainment in wheat food. It is the most delicious of cereals.

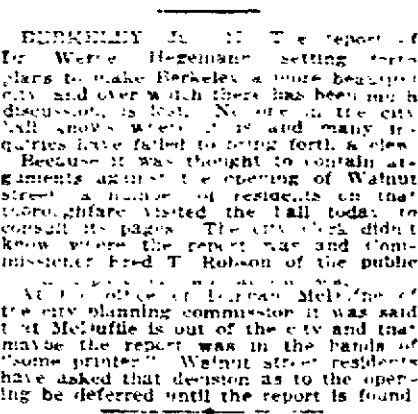
"FORCE" was selected for the American athletes at the Olympic Games because it is a perfectly balanced food, containing all the elements necessary to build and sustain muscle and strength. "FORCE" is sold by good grocers everywhere. When ordering insist on "FORCE" and not substitutes. Advertisers.



# ALAMEDA

# BERKELEY LOSES HEGEMANN REPORT

## German Expert's City Beautiful Plan Has Mysteriously Disappeared.



NAVEL ORANGE YIELD

**TO BE BELOW NORMAL**

**LINDSAY, July 17.**—Indications now point toward a much larger navel crop than was reported last month following about three days of exceedingly heavy falling. It was predicted at the time that the crop would average not more than 40 or 50 per cent, but now the consensus of opinion is that it will exceed 60 per cent and in some groves it will be practically normal. It is stated that groves in certain districts, under the proper

Some growers compare the present navel crop with that of 1912, when the season conditions were practically the same. They say that in 1912 there was a tendency to cause the fruit to run

larger sizes. The unusually heavy drop, it is stated, came too early for a reason dissimilar to the one just past. Under normal conditions, with the late blooming of the trees, the drop should not have taken place until along the first of this month. It is safe to estimate the run for the district at between 60 and 70 per cent of normal, and considering the price the Valencias are now bringing, it stands to reason that the early navel season will open up with good prices.

## WOMAN STRUGGLES WITH ASSAILANT FOR PURSE

SAN FRANCISCO, July 17.—Mrs. W. A. Hoover, a guest at the Palace Hotel, notified the police this morning that she had been attacked by a colored man in front of the music stand in Golden Gate Park yesterday. She told the detectives that she was walking along the main path when a negro suddenly sprang upon her and tried to snatch her purse. She held tightly to it and screamed for help. She struggled with her assailant and was knocked down, but he did not succeed in

**BOARD MUST CUT  
THISTLES ON ROADS**

OROVILLE, July 17.—County Horticultural Commissioner Earle Mills will serve notices on the supervisors to cut all the yellow star thistles on the county roads. Each supervisor will be served

Mills has appointed Robert Strang, Ben Reppert and George C. Jennings to make a platte survey in the southern end of the county. The work in northern Butte will be in charge of Deputy Horticultural Commissioner T. F. Stille, who will appoint men in that section.

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# The Meddler

**T**HIS year of the great Exposition writes wonderfully interesting chapters in the social annals of the state. For the activities are very different from those that mark the routine of affairs. It is a real education to live around the in this summer of 1915. For here being tried out the most notable elements of modern times. World gatherings everywhere mark high tide of endeavor, and how we are able to plan hours of keen interest at unique gatherings for guests.

Set circles are now being made up in the Greek Theater, where the events of the mid-summer, when experiments of Greek and his plays are to be tried at Berkeley.

Margaret Anglin is excited enthusiastic over the coming productions at the Greek Theater, and will be great events of the mid-summer. All the smart set families of the bay with Eastern friends are represented at Berkeley. The has scored immensely well with the production of Greek tragedy in California. Twenty-three hundred ago "The Trojan Women" of sides was produced in Athens for the first time. This year it was given over Eastern universities, the presentation probably being in "Yale Bowl." It was followed by "Iphigenia in Tauris," which Anglin is to give in our Greek Theater.

Produced in the East, "Iphigenia" scenes which were a color—even the marble statues painted to represent life. The scene of Iphigenia was archaic in its lines, and was copied from the Acropolis maidens, to the wig with its long straight hair. The drapery is spotted as if great drops of blood, and the in striped with waves of red. The chorus of "Iphigenia" is composed in sweeping drapery of black and white, and the soldiers in the play are startling enough to an African savage, for they black and white and flaming red. The significant figures in all Euripides' dramas are so great is the enthusiasm in the East for these Greek plays that they are to be given in the Municipal Stadium in New York. A reporter tells us that: "There will be 100 seats available for each production at the moderate sum of 15 cents."

The millennium has indeed arrived when New York offers Greek plays at its own stadium at such a low price.

The same writer passes on to us the passages in Euripides of modern in spirit, discussions of modernism that might have been written today. Euripides is the greatest dramatist of womanhood. He does not their virtues but their faults, and analyzes with comprehension the motives behind these majestic characters to unhappy destinies.

After all, men and women of today cannot be so utterly out of touch with the past that they wholly fail to date the finest work of the dramatist of whom Goethe said: "Have all the nations of the world since his time produced one poet who was worthy to stand his slippers?"

Choruses are to be made up of Greek girls, as befits our Greek Theater, and the occasion will be one of the most memorable gatherings of the summer.

**ORIO PLAY IN THE GREEK THEATER.**

is quite like the bravery of Calisto to present a big historical play in the Greek Theater this month, challenge all the visitors to see themselves what wonderful things place in that magnificent theater Berkeley hills.

Dramatic Committee of the city of California has asked the Players' Club to present Stephen "Nero" in the Greek Theater on the evening of July 27.

The play presented by the Players' Club of the university in and it was so well adapted to the Greek Theater stage that the Players' Club has invited the Players' Club to the East and the thousands of summer-session students might a chance of seeing a great masterpiece in one of the most theaters in the world.

Leading women characters will be by Miss Loretta Stone, who



MISS DORIS HASLETT, ONE OF THE TALENTED BELLES OF SOCIETY.—Terkelson & Henry photo.

will be Poppoea, Nero's wife, and by Mrs. Pearl King Tanner. Miss Stone is a charming young girl, who has done good work in the University of California in dramatic lines.

Mrs. Pearl King Tanner is of the C. H. King family, one of the pioneer families of the country. She is a very accomplished young matron, having studied in the Elly school of New York and traveled extensively abroad with her mother. She is an exceedingly fine musician, and she has a dramatic talent which would at any time have given her an assured position on the stage.

The Tanners have a very beautiful home on the Tunnel Road, and she has been one of the most active members of the Claremont Club, one of the most interesting clubs around the bay.

One must have achieved much to appear in the Greek Theater, and her friends in smart set circles around the bay are greatly interested in Mrs. Tanner's coming appearance in the historical drama of "Nero."

Dion Holm, who is in the cast, is a young lawyer well known in society circles around the bay, and the girl dancers for the banquet scene will be trained by Miss Virginia Whitehead.

Miss Mary Shafter and Miss Virginia Whitehead are two girls from well-known families, who went East and to Europe to study folk lore dances.

So what our smart set can do in a dramatic way will be well in evidence when "Nero" is given in the Greek Theater.

**MUSICAL CONVENTION AS MEETING PLACE.**

The great musical convention has been the means of many social gatherings on this side of the bay. The devoted much time to its study during her convent days in Paris.

Mrs. Charles Bentley, who was formerly Miss Florence Hush, is developing a voice of much power and sweetness, and though her days are very busy ones, there is always time for the practice that good work requires.

Mrs. George Doubleday (Alice Moffitt) surprised all her friends when she was here recently from New York, by her very sweet singing. And she was most generous when an opportunity was given her of entertaining her friends. She studied with some of the best masters in New York, and her voice shows much strength under the good training.

Another very smart young girl interested in music always is Miss Mary Ethel Crocker. She, too, has studied abroad, notably with De Reszke in Paris. Miss Crocker has a most charming voice, fine enough for concert work, and she is so sweet and unaffected always that she gives great pleasure to her friends and family.

Miss Ruth Sharon is perhaps the finest amateur pianiste on this side of the bay, though she is ready for concert work. Her interpretation of the fine old masters who have given to the world classical music is quite wonderful in one so young.

Smart set activities include a great interest in music and art this summer, and both are coming prominently to the foreground in Exposition days.

Margaret Woodrow Wilson, the daughter of President Wilson, sets a good example to American girls. She inherited from her father a beautiful voice and a sincere love of music, for which she has a wonderfully

fine tenor voice. She is very ambitious, and she has worked as any student who had to depend upon her music for a livelihood. Miss Wilson sings in French, German and English, with an accent that is actually perfect.

Miss Wilson practically made her debut at the recent music festival in Syracuse, when she sang to an audience of 5000 people. She was accompanied by the Thomas orchestra, and, best of all, the \$1000 which she earned, she gave to an asylum for the blind at Washington.

**TWO FAMOUS MEN GUESTS AT FAIR.**

Two distinguished men of the nation, to whom many social compliments will be offered this month are to be in California in July. President Hadley of Yale University has already arrived, and Colonel Roosevelt will be here in the near future. Of course the Yale alumni will do everything possible to make President Hadley's visit a happy one, and he will be the guest while in California of the William H. Crocker. One of the best known graduates of Yale University on this side of the bay is Victor H. Metcalf, former secretary of the navy.

Colonel Roosevelt is to be the guest of his old-time friend, President Wheeler of Berkeley, and President and Mrs. Wheeler are noted for the hospitable entertainment they offer the distinguished people who visit them personally and also our university. Quite aside from politics, former President Roosevelt is one of the most remarkable men of the country. He is an exceedingly able writer and he expresses that culture that one likes to associate with—

a political gathering; it was a social event planned to honor a writer, and a statesman, who was also a President.

The coming to Berkeley of Colonel Roosevelt is again an event along social lines, and a fitting welcome will be bestowed on both President Hadley of Yale and Colonel Roosevelt of the United States.

**NOTABLE WIVES ARE CYNOSURES, ALSO.**

Mrs. Hadley, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Champ Clark are all charming women, and all are such perfect hostesses that they would be most appreciative of any entertainment planned for them. The Hadleys are very popular at Yale, where they entertain constantly, as do the Roosevelts at Berkeley.

Mrs. Roosevelt was one of the most popular hostesses who ever graced the White House. She was always fair to every one, very gracious, and a woman with such fine sympathies and wide horizons that she never allowed herself to be identified with any special "set." It is a great pity that Mrs. Roosevelt will not be able to accept any of the many courtesies which were to be extended to her during her stay in California. She is recovering from an operation, and social life is too strenuous for her just now.

Another very charming woman, so cultured, so well bred that she is democratic in the widest and best sense of the term, is Mrs. Champ Clark. All Kentucky will long remember the wedding at Bowling Green of fascinating Genevieve Clark, now Mrs. James Thomson, for all Kentucky was asked to the wedding.

Mrs. Thomson, with Miss Agnes Wilson, daughter of Secretary Wilson, has studied far along philanthropic lines, and Miss Wilson plans to devote her life to the cause of labor, especially as it concerns women. She is Mrs. Thomson's most intimate friend.

Mrs. Champ Clark was the guest of honor at the luncheon today given in

having that pleasure confined to the few.

Mrs. Pennypacker was elected president in San Francisco, at the national meeting there, three years ago. There was a spirited contest between New York and Texas. California took the side of Texas, and the Lone Star State won, making Mrs. Pennypacker the president of the National Federation. She is a frail-looking little woman, very sweet and spiritualistic, but with a great capacity for work and splendid executive ability.

**MRS. TOWER COMING TO S. F. NEXT WEEK.**

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, one of the best known women in diplomatic circles the world over, will be in San Francisco next week, and will spend some time at the Fairmont. She will give a reception there on July 18, for which she will send out cards to her many friends around the bay.

Mrs. Tower has had a very eventful life since the days of her quiet girlhood in the Oakland home of the Frank Smiths on Brush street. On a trip to Alaska Miss Nellie Smith met Charlemagne Tower, and on their return from the trip they were married at the home of the bride here.

Mr. Tower, who is a very wealthy man, has been a diplomat of note, and has been accredited to the courts of Austria, Russia, Germany and Japan. His wife has been of the greatest assistance to him, for she speaks several languages very fluently, and she has great tact and a sympathetic spirit which wins many hearts. In Petrograd she was a great favorite, and no American woman has ever succeeded so well in Berlin. She was taken into the inner court life, and was the greatest favorite possible in the exclusive smart sets of the German capital. The Towers were also successful in Japan, so that Mrs. Tower's life since leaving Oakland has been largely spent in the limelight in the great capitals of the old world. She was always most considerate of Americans, and very charming to Californians.

After retiring from the diplomatic service, the Towers bought a very beautiful home in Philadelphia, where they have taken up their permanent home.

Mrs. Tower is accompanied on her visit to the coast by her two daughters, Helen and Gertrude, both of whom are very charming young girls. There will no doubt be many informal entertainments for Mrs. Tower, planned for her by her relatives and by old-time friends.

**PICTURES IN THE MEDDLER.**

Mrs. Paul Stark Smith was Miss Elisa-Beth Mercia Bonsall before her wedding in St. John's Presbyterian church last Saturday. She is an unusually beautiful girl who has many friends in the younger set of society. Mrs. Smith graduated from Miss Head's school in Berkeley a few years ago. After their honeymoon in Alaska the young couple will establish their home in Stockton.

Miss Doris Haslett is one of the pretty and talented daughters of Mr. and Mrs. S. Montgomery Haslett of Alameda. Her sisters, Miss Roberta and Miss Gisela Haslett, returned on Monday from school in Boston to spend the summer at the family home. Miss Doris is taking a course at a dramatic school across the bay and Miss Roberta is a student at a Boston school of expression. Miss Gisela Haslett is preparing for Wellesley.



MRS. PAUL STARK SMITH (ELISA BETH BONSALE), A BRIDE OF LAST WEEK.—Hartsook photo.

the best type of the American gentleman of today.

Oakland people will remember the magnificent speech with which Col. Roosevelt dedicated the Greek theater some years ago. It was a fine burst of oratory, that has not been equaled since in the long line of orators who have followed him, not even by Bliss Perry of the Atlantic Monthly or by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, one of the ablest speakers in America.

President and Mrs. Wheeler entertained, at that time, President Roosevelt at a very elaborate luncheon in their Berkeley home, and Mrs. Hearst, who had the house next door, also entertained. Among the many distinguished guests on that occasion were Senator Perkins and Secretary of the Navy Mott.

Many distinguished men from all over the coast met the President on that occasion. It was not in any sense

the California building by the Woman's Board. It is one of the most important of the July luncheons, and has been planned on an elaborate scale. Many well-known Oakland women went to San Francisco today, to be present at the luncheon.

It was with much pleasure also that many clubwomen accepted the invitation of the Woman's Board to meet Mrs. Percy Pennypacker at luncheon yesterday. She is the national president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and the luncheon was given for her by the Woman's Board. All the members of the Alameda County Auxiliary were invited to the luncheon, and the affair was so successful that the same plan will probably be tried many times in the coming months of the exposition. It gives an opportunity for the many to meet distinguished visitors, instead of

**HONOLULU GAYETY DUE TO TRAVELERS.**

Honolulu is a very gay little island city these days, owing to the exposition, for there are many travelers who, coming as far west as San Francisco, add a few days more to their itinerary, and are off to the islands. And they are developing some very original ideals in the islands. Among the residents in

(Continued on Next Page)







# Oakland Tribune

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SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1915

## THE MAYOR AND OUR COMMERCIAL BODIES.

The Mayor of Oakland has asked the various commercial bodies of this city to appoint delegates to confer with him for the purpose of discussing plans for bringing to this community larger numbers of the visitors who come to the Exposition. It is hoped that a majority of the visitors from the East and elsewhere who come to the coast this summer may be persuaded to visit Oakland and here be made acquainted with the resources and advantages of the East Bay region.

The Mayor's suggestion and proposed action are timely and have much to commend them. Oakland should have a larger number of visitors this year. The Commercial Club has been doing excellent work in line with what the Mayor seems to have in mind. Many men, some of them of great distinction and possessed of large wealth for investing purposes, have already visited Oakland this year as a result of the efforts of our largest commercial organization.

It is undeniably true that a larger number of visitors who are worth while could be brought to this city. To bring people to Oakland in large numbers and to entertain them suitably, to show them the city to the best advantage without waste of time will require more money than any of the commercial organizations have at their disposal for this purpose at present. Money is essential but it is not the only requisite. To bring important people here and to make the most of their visits requires the services of alert, intelligent and experienced men of the world, who know what to say and how to say it.

The commercial organizations can readily furnish competent, well-equipped men to meet strangers and to show Oakland to them to the best advantage. Let the city government put a reasonable sum for entertainment purposes at the disposal of a committee composed of representative men from three or four of the more important business organizations. These organizations, which have a large membership, can select with discrimination from time to time the men best adapted for the work in hand. It is of the highest importance to select men for this work who can quickly place themselves on good terms with the visitor and command at once his interest and respect.

It is well within the power of the city administration to render to this community for the purposes and in the manner we have suggested a very useful service by putting into their hands sufficient funds to enable them to bring to this city people who ought to be made acquainted with its possibilities as a shipping and as an industrial center.

## COTTON IN THE WAR.

We commented some days ago on the enormous quantity of cotton which is being used in Germany and other European countries for the manufacture of high explosives. The relative importance of cotton has been magnified by the experience and the necessities of the present war. Formerly cotton was chiefly used in war as raw material for the manufacture of textile fabrics, the quantity of it used in the making of smokeless powder being very small as compared with that needed for ordinary industrial purposes. A writer in the Scientific American asserts with authority that more cotton is now being consumed in Germany for the manufacture of smokeless powder than for industrial purposes. The reading portion of our population understands very well by this time that the expenditure of ammunition in the present war is unprecedented and that no military expert had foreseen that explosives and projectiles would be used upon such an enormous scale. It is stated that the entire ammunition supply of the United States army

would not last the German army two days. Lloyd George has asserted that the German artillery in their recent attacks on the Russians fired two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition from their artillery in a single hour. It is now estimated that the amount of cotton consumed by the German army in a day in the form of powder and explosives is nearly a million pounds. This is an extent of previous estimates. One million pounds of cotton a day is 2000 bales of 500 pounds each or 735,000 bales a year, which amount is about one-half the total amount of cotton usually exported from this country to Germany. Germany must by this time have used up almost, if not quite all, her reserve stock of cotton. The only source of supply in any way open to her is the United States. England, of course, is aware of this condition, hence her energetic efforts to prevent shipments of cotton reaching neutral ports in Europe, the cargoes of which may be subsequently shipped to Germany. "It is cotton starvation not food starvation that Germany fears." If Germany cannot get a supply of cotton from this country when what she has on hand is exhausted, it is easy to see what her fate will be.

## THE KOREAN SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The policy of the Japanese Government recently expressed in an ordinance regulating the conduct of the educational system in Korea has given rise to a great deal of comment and controversy in Japan. Correspondents have sent to the United States stories displayed under such headlines as "Japan bars Christianity," "Japan missionaries in Japan," and "Shintoism Replaces Christianity in Korea." Dr. Jokichi Takamini of New York, a famous Japanese scientist and inventor, in replying to these extravagant assertions, has explained for the first time the precise thing Japan purposes to do.

Paraphrasing Dr. Takamini's statement, it may be said that nearly all the misconception rests upon a wrong construction of ordinance No. 24, issued by the Government General of Korea on March 24th last. This ordinance revises the regulations for private schools, which had theretofore been governed by the Korean educational ordinance of August 23, 1911. By this last named ordinance the Japanese Government established throughout Korea a uniform system of common schools, higher common schools, girls' high common schools, industrial schools, and issued regulations for the management, subjects of study, text books, etc., of each class. What is more important, it enunciated the policy of the Japanese Government toward religious education, and in these terms:

Freedom of religion is assured to each and all. But as the educational administration of the empire maintains, and has maintained from early times, the principle that the education of the people shall stand independent of religion, all government and public schools, and those schools whose curriculum is fixed by the law and the ordinance of the empire cannot be allowed to enforce religious education or conduct any religious ceremonies.

In conformity with this principle any religion—Buddhism, Shintoism or Christianity—was debarred from the curricula of all Korean schools except private schools. These latter were obliged to obey certain regulations but were left untrammelled as to subjects of study and religion.

Now the Japanese Government has decided to supervise the entire educational system of Korea and has issued the later regulations, which make the private schools subject to the same rules as the public schools. There are about 2000 private schools, 450 of which are conducted by foreign missionaries. The new regulations are not to become effective until 1925, thus allowing the schools ten years to make the necessary changes in policy.

The motive underlying the act of Japan is that it has settled upon one educational policy, to which all must conform. Religion and education must be separated. Schools, hospitals and charity work have been the adjuncts of missionary work, but in the future the work of education will be conducted by the Korean government itself. It is held of paramount importance that the rising generation of Koreans be educated to be as loyal and good subjects of Japan as the Japanese themselves, hence Japan will permit no antagonistic or interfering educational work, but welcome co-operation from all sources in carrying out its own policy.

It seems that Buddhism and Shintoism are not to replace Christianity, but merely that all three religions are to be barred from the schools as subjects of instruction and study. This being so, Japan's policy is based on a theory little different from that underlying the American educational system.

## NOTABLE PERSONS.

Casper A. Orban, a practicing attorney in San Francisco for eight years, was appointed as an assistant United States Attorney yesterday to succeed Walter Melman resigned.

While Prince Arthur of Connaught is "doing his bit" at the front on the staff of General French, the Princess has joined the nursing staff at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

Cipriano Castro, former president of Venezuela, sailed yesterday for Porto Rico by way of St. Thomas.

Theodore Roosevelt, on his way to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, will arrive Sunday night in Seattle from Vancouver, British Columbia.

Governor Johnson will meet Theodore Roosevelt at Davis next Tuesday.

William Sulzer, former Governor of New York, will attempt to vindicate himself in the eyes of the public by presenting in the playhouse the series of events which, he says, led up to his impeachment.

## WHAT IS DOING TOMORROW

Gaelic Club annual festival at Shellmound Park.

Rotarian sermon in Plymouth Center Church.

Helping the blind.

He stood at the usual spot, his eyes covered by a shade. Accompanying him was a little white dog on a leash, with a box attached to its collar, on which was written, in large type, "Help the Blind." A gentleman, who occasionally passed by, often dropped a donation in the box. On this occasion the dog happened to slip into the gutter. He was rather astonished to see the supposed blind man immediately follow in its direction and pick it up from the ground.

"He found it, sir. Thank you kindly," said he.

"What a dog! He has surprised me," said the gentleman. "I always understood you had lost your sight."

"Oh, no, not me, sir. It's the poor dog that's blind!"—The Bells.

## THE STATE PRESS.

Wash.  
After two months of careful experiment and testing, Oscar Hammer has perfected and now has in successful operation a complete plant for the extraction of gold and the platinum metals from black sands. Working tests have shown that the extract of the metals at this plant is a complete test of all gold and platinum of black sands shipped to and worked in San Francisco and 50 pounds of the same sand treated at the plant here, showed the recovery of gold and platinum here to have been \$50 in value against \$1 by the San Francisco plant.—Holtville Standard.

As it happens  
The California Associated Raisin company, the Fresno cooperative institution, which has branch offices and agents in every big city in the United States and Canada, now controls the raisin market of the world.  
The entire supply of all foreign countries depends on the raisins owned and controlled by the Associated. Although this condition is a result of the present conflict in Europe the corporation is raising a strong foodstuffs for export, one that is certain to out-live the war.—Fresno Herald.

Serious.  
Following the return last night of Attorney J. Stewart Ross, who has been representing the mutual water companies of the valley in conference with Judge Meyers and Receiver Holabird at Los Angeles, persons well acquainted with the water situation are admitting today that the valley is facing one of the most serious water problems in its history.—Holtville Tribune.

Soft Notes.  
The dove season in the San Joaquin valley will open on September 1, this year, the same as in previous years, although the general game laws, in which the dates are set, are new this year.—Merced Star.

The Road to Los.  
Sacramento county should profit by the experience of San Joaquin county, which has taken the roads out of politics and reduced her problem of highway maintenance to a business under the control of the county engineer.  
Under the San Joaquin system the roads were maintained last year at a cost of \$70,000, while Sacramento put more than \$165,000 into the ruts and holes of her roads.—Sacramento Union.

Rock Me to Sleep.  
Contrary to first reports, the Imperial Valley suffered comparatively little from its recent earthquake, according to vice-president and General Manager W. A. Scott of the Southern Pacific company. Scott has just completed a trip through the valley, made particularly to ascertain the condition of the country and to note the damage done by the quake.—Visalia Delta.

Dismally True.  
A speaker at the late newspaper men's convention in San Francisco said that "journalism" takes a young man in his juicy youth and casts him away in his sapless age. Which goes to prove the correctness of the young man's judgment in demanding that he begin his work as editor-in-chief of the paper.—Salinas Index.

## VARIETIES.

The Passport.  
When the white ceremonies wrap this day of mine,  
When on my couch I lie  
And give last audience, with closed ear  
And eye.

To such as may be to their steps incline;  
Mar not by any grief my pallid splendor.  
The world is for the living. Go your way.

I ask not for your tears, nor hold less tender  
The heart that joys today.  
Think it no tribute to make sad your face.

Laugh and be happy yet a little space,  
For night comes on apace.  
I care not greatly for your last apparition,  
Nor fame nor blame reach the ice-fortress heart.

From scorn, from love, from need for kindly phrasing  
I lie a thing apart.  
My wand'ring ended 'neath the sun and moon,  
My pilgrim staff I laid aside right soon,  
And wayward sandals shoon.

Lonely my coming; lonely I return  
To that far bourne unpressed  
Where seeking finds and journeying  
hath rest.

Across the bridge of stars that roll and burn  
I seek a city that hath sure foundation  
And burning bastions, bathed in living light.

Where holy seraphs keep their stately station  
In ranks serenely bright.  
Here fades all tinsel of the rich, the great.

What passport brought from earth's far-off  
Can win through such a gate?  
O friend, if there be whom I befriended,  
If there was one kind word, one selfless deed.

One cup of water to young lips extended,  
One rift to bruised need,  
Lay on my bier that flower that cannot fade.  
Heaven's portal I'll approach, with that displayed.

Humble but unafraid,  
—Victor Kilspindle, in the New York Times.

Concession for Vegetable Oil Refinery.  
The concession granted by the Salvadoran government to Federico Garcia Prieto & Co., for the manufacture and refining of oils from seeds in that republic carries with it the right of free entry of machinery, accessories, and articles used in manufacture, exemption from fiscal or municipal taxes, and the right to export the products of the industry or seeds to make oil without the payment of duties or fiscal taxes.

Protecting Wild Life.  
The permanent wild life protection fund, which Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the naturalist, has been instrumental in collecting during the past two years, now amounts to more than \$72,000. The income of this fund is to be used for conducting a nation-wide campaign during the next hundred years in behalf of wild life protection. Efforts will be made to stop the sale of wild game, promote laws to prevent unnaturalized species from coming to this country and shooting, stop all killing of insectivorous birds for food and of all birds for military purposes, increase the number of game preserves, etc. It is proposed to inaugurate next September a campaign in favor of creating game sanctuaries in the national forests on a very comprehensive scale.

Tennessee in Fine Shape.  
"Conditions are ideal in Tennessee," says Porter Dutton State Treasurer of Tennessee. "Every indication is for bumper crops and business is good. I believe that financial conditions in Tennessee are better than in years. We are trying out prohibition, and the state is absolutely dry. We raise about everything in Tennessee and I do not know of a section in which conditions are not promising a good crop."

Patriotic Defiance.  
Oh, man, a citizen you're not,  
Preparing patiently to stand  
And hear a lengthy speech when he  
Would rather listen to the band.  
—Washington Star.

## FORE AND AFT!



At a recent meeting of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce, Mr. A. V. Behr read an interesting report on his recent trip to the United States, in which he expressed the opinion that the chamber should increase the number of agents to the United States in order to establish closer connections between the commercial and industrial circles of Russia and America and to enroll a greater number of Americans among the members of the chamber. After hearing this report the meeting decided to open a branch of the chamber of commerce at Petrograd, and to use every effort to open another branch at New York.

It was decided to organize a bureau for distributing information and for executing all kinds of commissions in connection with the interchange of goods with the United States, and a committee was appointed for this purpose. Another committee was appointed to consider organizing a Russian-American bank.

To acquaint American dealers and manufacturers with the conditions of Russian trade and industry, the meeting decided to issue a special pamphlet on the financial and economical situation in Russia, and the prospects for Russian-American trade.—From Consul-General John H. Snodgrass, Moscow.

WHAT IS DOING TODAY.  
Final session of the National Music Teachers' Convention.  
End of the Portuguese Society convention.  
Close of the United Order of Artisans' convention.  
Picnic of the Swedish Order of Vasa at Shellmound Park.  
Ladies Society of the Japanese Congregational Church hold concert.

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## EDITORIAL FUN.

Why don't Billy Sunday convert his pianist? That is one way of putting it; but there may be those who will ask why didn't the pianist convert Billy Sunday?—Eveleving Wisconsin.

The derelicts and icebergs tough  
Make sad the ocean scenes.  
And since they are not quite enough  
We add some submarines.  
—Washington Star.

Ambassador Page cables: The Nebraskan was torpedoed.  
He refers to the ship, not to the vice. Bryan sank from an internal explosion.—Minneapolis Journal.

"His Host—By the way, what do you think of the Mexican imbroglio?"  
Mr. Malaprop: To tell the truth, I like old-fashioned American fruits the best.—Judge.

A prominent German farmer, who believes nothing that is printed in the English papers concerning the war, was accosted with the remark:  
"Jacob, I see the Russians have taken Pomerania."  
"I won't believe it until I read it in my German paper," replied Jacob.—National Monthly.

It appears that the United States has a storage \$35,000 second-hand Kragschmidt rifles, still in such excellent condition that they are in demand by foreign nations, and they couldn't be put to better use than being turned over to rifle clubs throughout the country for practice by young men learning how to shoot.—Boston Globe.

Australians are being urged to send newspapers to the front to serve as sheet protectors for the troops. If possible the papers should be German, so there be no punch.

"Madam," said the latter, and torn from the benevolent woman who answered his timid rap at the door.  
"Have you any old clothes you can spare for an unfortunate victim of the German war?"

"I think I have, my poor man; but

how does this happen? You cannot have been in this war, surely."

"No, madam," humbly replied the sufferer, "but my wife has sent all my clothes to the Belgians."—Harrisburg Star and Independent.

EFFECT OF SEAMEN'S ACT.  
"Unless Congress takes immediate steps to amend the La Follette seamen's act, the American merchant marine will be practically wiped out," said William H. Dunn, of Cleveland, a Post reporter at Washington, D. C. "Just how such a measure as that could have been put through Congress is inexplicable to the ordinary American citizen. The burdens which it places upon American seamen are so great that they have declared their intention of abandoning the American registry of their ships, and they will hereafter sail under foreign flags. In the lake country we may expect a very heavy increase in Canadian tonnage and a falling off in American tonnage so far as commerce between Europe and the lake ports is concerned. Since the improvements in the Welland canal were completed, the facilities for the transportation of grain and lumber from Lake Superior ports to Montreal for shipment across the Atlantic have been materially increased, and there is every prospect that a very large increase in the trade which now goes through Buffalo and the Atlantic ports of the American coast will be transferred to Canada. The relationship lines carrying passengers on the lakes between Buffalo and Montreal have notified their patrons of the increase in passenger rates because of the burden placed upon them by the La Follette act, and many of the excursion lines have announced the coming abandonment of excursion business because of seamen who carry the required number of seamen which they are forced to have on their boats under the La Follette act."

No Chaperon.  
Miss Hotman, editor of the Patterson Freeman, passed through Byron Sunday on her way to Honolulu. "How do you know the gay old scout is going to get married, if he comes back from that stinky time without a wife, he should be tarred and feathered."—Byron Times.

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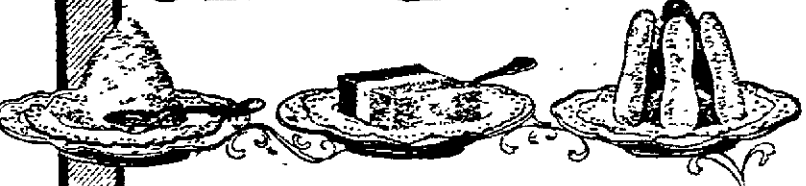
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# Jehnhardt's



Special Frozen Dessert  
BANANA ICE CREAM  
PINEAPPLE WATER ICE  
VANILLA ICE CREAM

Pint Brick 25c Qt. Brick 50c  
at Store. Quart Brick Delivered, 80c

Seasonable Fruit Specials  
Fresh Frozen Peaches  
Fresh Frozen Strawberries  
Fresh Frozen Loganberries  
Fresh Cantaloupe Sundae

Special Candy for Sunday  
CHOCOLATE FUDGE CHEWS  
—You'll be pleased with this delightful Candy—special, 50c per pound.

Broadway, Near Fourteenth Phone Oakland 496

OAKLAND

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## LINER ORDUÑA ESCAPES TORPEDO ATTACK

OAKLAND TO  
SHARE IN  
RECEIVINGCommercial Organizations of  
City Prepare to Honor  
Guests.

Rotarians from all parts of the world, representing the many clubs that have sprung from an organization that first achieved strength in California and particularly about the bay, will be Oakland's guests Thursday, when the city is to entertain the delegates to the great Rotarian convention that opens Monday in the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco.

The Oakland visit will be a part of the convention. A meeting is to be held in the Municipal Auditorium to transact official business before the fun of the day begins. A lavish entertainment, including luncheon, an auto ride, visits to different amusement places and a banquet are being planned by the committees in charge of the entertainment of the noted guests.

V. O. Lawrence, president of the Oakland Rotary Club, will act as master of ceremonies for the affair. The delegates will arrive from San Francisco shortly before ten o'clock, to be met by the local committees and escorted to the Auditorium.

Every club in Oakland will be opened to the guests of the day. Luncheon will be served at the Hotel Oakland, where a special program will be arranged. The auto ride will include a trip over the Highland Drive and other points of interest.

## IMPORTANT CONVENTION.

The importance of the visit of the delegates to Oakland is great, according to the commercial organizations who are co-operating with the local club committees in outlining plans for Oakland Day. The delegates include the most important business men of the United States and Canada, and their visit to Oakland may mean considerable to the business success of the city. Besides this, the Commercial Club officials point out, the publicity they will be able to give Oakland in all parts of the United States will be of extreme value.

This year's convention is to be the most important the Rotarian system has ever seen. More than 175 American cities and twelve foreign capitals will be represented.

In point of attendance, this great international gathering will probably rank any of the Exposition's 85 conventions and congresses. The Rotary clubs throughout the world have already appointed delegates, and these are said to number way into the thousands.

Hundreds of the keenest business and professional men in the United States, men who have caught the spirit of "Service, not Self," the Rotary motto, will add lustre and dignity to the big gathering, which has for its primary object the bringing together in a spirit of better fellowship, the men from the four points of the compass.

## AT THE EXPOSITION.

Tuesday, July 20, will be celebrated as "Rotary Day" at the Exposition, when a silver loving cup will be presented to the Rotary section with the largest registration at the convention.

Each day of the Rotary convention period has special features and entertainment, besides a business program that is very comprehensive. The main business sessions will be taken up with reports of the international officers and standing committees. Some of the subjects for addresses and papers are: "Truth and Service," "Rotarian Fellowship," "Educational Degree in Rotary," "Opportunities Presented by Meetings of Trade and Professional Sections of International Rotary," "Public Affairs," "Altruism—the New Moral Note in Modern Business," "The Rotary and Value of Acquaintance Making," "The Highways and By-Ways of Success in Business," "Rotary in the British Isles."

Every clergyman in San Francisco and Oakland has been invited to use as his text for his sermon tomorrow the slogan of the International Association of Rotary Clubs: "The profits most who serve best." This will be the beginning of the sixth annual "Rotary Week" at the exposition, which will continue in session until Friday, July 23.

There are a number of clergymen among the membership of the various Rotary clubs, many of whom will attend the convention. An effort is being made to provide pulpits for them in the San Francisco and Oakland churches.

## PAST PRESIDENTS COMING.

All of the men who have been presidents of the International Association of Rotary Clubs will attend the sixth annual convention at San Francisco and Oakland, with the exception of one, Paul R. Harris, of Chicago, "Father of Rotary," president emeritus of the association, who is unable to attend because of ill health.

Those who will be present are the incumbent, Frank L. Mulholland, attorney, of Toledo; E. J. Berlet, attorney, of Philadelphia, the second international president; and Russell F. Greiner, vice-president, of San Francisco. Company of Texas will be the immediate past international president.

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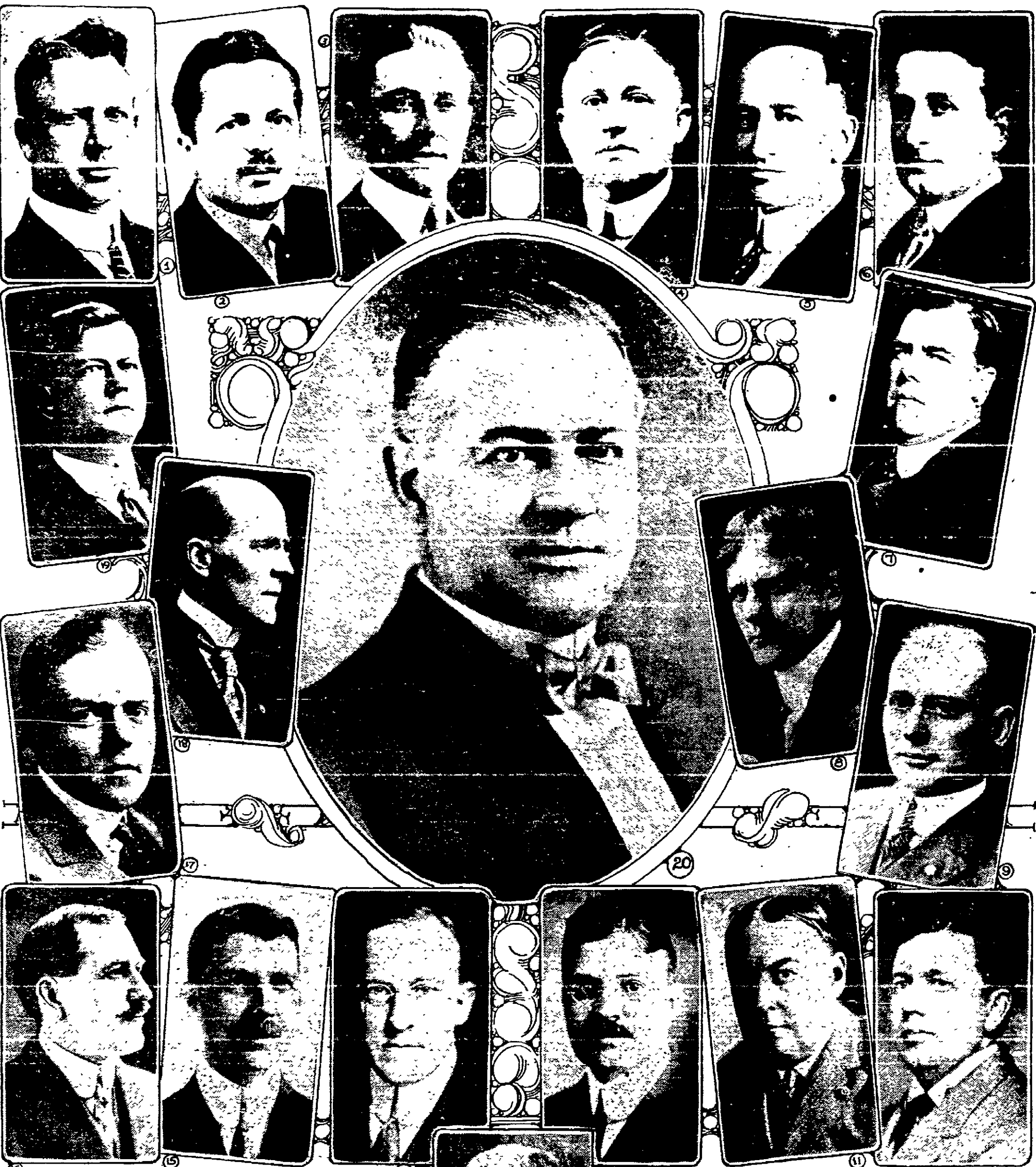
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## WORLD'S ROTARIANS GATHER FOR CONVENTION



FAMOUS ROTARIANS WHO WILL BE GUESTS IN OAKLAND THURSDAY WHEN THE CITY ENTERTAINS THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION: NO. 1, F. W. GALBRAITH, CINCINNATI; NO. 2, E. J. BERLET, PHILADELPHIA; NO. 3, ARCH C. KUMPH, CLEVELAND; NO. 4, GUY GUNDACKER, PHILADELPHIA; NO. 5, GLENN C. MEAD, PHILADELPHIA; NO. 6, RUSSELL F. GREIFER, KANSAS CITY; NO. 7, FRANK HIGGINS, VICTORIA, B. C.; NO. 8, GEORGE W. HARRIS, WASHINGTON; NO. 9, CHESTER R. PERCY, CHICAGO; NO. 10, ROBERT H. CORNELL, HOUSTON; NO. 11, WILLIAM GETTINGER, NEW YORK; NO. 12, F. C. RIGGS, PORTLAND, ORE.; NO. 13, E. D. BIGGERS, DETROIT; NO. 14, ALLEN D. ALBERT, MINNEAPOLIS; NO. 15, MACK OLSEN, DES MOINES; NO. 16, RUFUS F. CHAPLIN, CHICAGO; NO. 17, CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH, DULUTH; NO. 18, PAUL F. HARRIS, CHICAGO, FOUNDER OF ROTARY CLUBS; NO. 19, JOE MITCHELL, CHAPPEL, BOSTON; NO. 20, FRANK L. MULHOLLAND, TOLEDO.

great move of Past International President Russell F. Greiner of Kansas, and an ardent Rotarian. He is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of San Francisco, not being actively in business, he cannot be an active member of a Rotary club. He attended the 1914 Rotary convention at Houston, attending every session and participating in all the entertainment features, and he expects to make just as good a record again this year.

Frank L. Mulholland of Toledo, president of the International Association of Rotary Clubs, is completing a record-breaking year of traveling among Rotary clubs with a swing around the circle of the globe in the past year.

Since Mulholland was elected at Houston in June, 1914, he has visited as many of the Rotary clubs comprising the international association as he could, and his list of visits includes the names of more than 50 cities. He wanted to visit all the clubs in the United States and Canada, but new clubs have been organized and have become affiliated with the association so fast that he has not been able to keep even with them. During his year in the presidency there have been 31 new Rotary clubs organized, 34 in the United States, one in England, one in Canada and one in Illinois.

First to keep even with the new clubs Mulholland has had to turn over his law practice almost entirely to his partner. It has been a labor of love with him, however, for the president of the international association receives no salary.

OLDEST ROTARIAN COMING. The world's oldest Rotarian will attend as an honorary delegate-at-large. He is Charles A. Woodward, 93 years of age,

Very Brief Is  
Lad's Adventure

SAN FRANCISCO, July 17.—Hardy Quail, son of the county surveyor of Stockton, was stopped on the first lap of what was intended to be a career of adventure when the steamer T. C. Walker docked here at 8 o'clock this morning. The lad, who is 16 years old, ran away from home yesterday and taking his bicycle with him, started for this city.

It was his intention to obtain employment on a vessel and start out to see the world. A disagreement with his father was responsible for his running away. Quail Sr., missing the boy at dinner, communicated with the Stockton police.

His movements were traced and as he had been seen along the Stockton water front the assumption was that he had taken a boat. Patrolman Sturgeon was at the docks when the Walker tied up and young Quail was soon at detective headquarters. His father will take him home tonight.

Crowds to See London in  
Roberson Pictures Tonight  
Westminster Abbey, Tower and Historic Spots in Lecture

The lights of London town will gleam for Tribune picture-tourists when Frank R. Roberson, famous travelogueur, takes his crowd of globe-trotters along the crowded thoroughfares of the massive old city tonight at the Macdonough theater.

Westminster abbey, where Britain's honored dead are buried, the Houses of Parliament, St. John's cathedral, the British museum, the tower of London, the Bank of England and the hundred and one other places of the utmost interest to senior and woman will all be included in the tour. The streets, parks, people, homes of the nobility and the weather, the poor sections, where poverty is always, these too will be pictured by the travelogueur on this most interesting tour.

IN PEACE AND WAR. London in peace and London in war will be shown. Many of the pictures of the travelogueur were secured by Mr. Roberson after the war started, and show the Londoner as he goes about his business apparently indifferent and unaffected by the great war which his country is waging.

Testimony to the popularity with which the public has seized the Tribune travelogues is Mr. Roberson, the Macdonough was full again last evening for the fourth time when Germany was presented. The crowd which was largely Anglo-American was so enthusiastic about it all that at times it did not confine its applause entirely to handclapping. With his two subjects tomorrow, "The Alps" at 3 o'clock and "Beautiful America" at 8:15, Mr. Roberson will bring

the second week of his engagement in a close. Interest has grown as the travelogues have progressed until now practically the whole city is talking about them. Night after night the same people are to be seen at the travelogues.

COUPONS FREE. Much of the popularity has been due to the small admission prices made possible only through the cooperation of The Tribune. Nine hundred seats are available in the balconies for 10 cents, and four hundred on the first floor for 25 cents with the use of the coupon on the first page of The Tribune. Without the coupon admission is 50 cents.

Sunday the box office is open at 1 o'clock.

Argonne victory is significant: Berlin

Argonne victory is significant: Berlin

Argonne victory is significant: Berlin

SUBMARINE IS  
OUTRAGED  
AT SEAShells Whistle Above Vessel  
Following Failure of First  
Explosion.

NEW YORK, July 17.—The British passenger liner Orduña, with 227 passengers aboard, twenty-one of whom were Americans, was attacked without warning by a German submarine at 6 o'clock in the morning of July 9, sixteen hours out of Liverpool on her way to New York. Announcement of the attack was made by the ship's captain, Thomas McCrorb Taylor, to the passengers, when the Orduña reached here today.

A torpedo was fired at the steamer and missed it by ten yards. Twenty minutes later a submarine rose to the surface, possibly a different submarine from the one that launched the torpedo, and for half an hour thereafter pursued the steamer, firing shells which whistled over the decks above the heads of the passengers standing there with their life belts on.

Ten minutes before the attack a sailing ship with two American flags painted on her side was seen ahead. Captain Taylor became suspicious of this craft. When the attack, the first warning of which was the streak of a torpedo which whistled through the water and missed the Orduña's stern by ten yards or thereabouts.

PURSUIT ABANDONED. Few passengers were on the deck when the attack occurred. Baron Rosenkrantz, of Denmark, one of the passengers, reached the deck as the Orduña was fleeing from her assailant and witnessed the attack.

The submarine chased the steamer. It was said, for a considerable time, finally abandoning the pursuit.

The next day a meeting of the passengers was held in the saloon, and the following resolution adopted by a majority of three to one was handed to Captain Taylor:

"The first cabin passengers of the steamer Orduña desire to express their heartfelt appreciation and admiration of the mastery manner in which you maneuvered and handled your steamer during the sudden and deliberate attack made upon it on the morning of July 9 at 6 o'clock by a German submarine."

The information that the Orduña had been attacked was obtained when the vessel reached quarantine. The trip from Liverpool to New York consumed 144 hours or more. Fuller details were expected with the docking of the ship.

The Orduña's passengers included the Baron and Baroness Rosenkrantz, Lawrence Johnson Jr. of Philadelphia, W. O. Smith of Chicago and F. M. More of Winnipeg.

Asiatic Cholera Is  
Spreading in Austria

ZURICH, Switzerland, July 17, via London.—The Austrian minister of the interior announces that there were 800 cases of Asiatic cholera in the empire on July 12, as compared with 17 cases on July 8. The alarming spread of the disease occurred chiefly in Galicia, where many prisoners of war are affected.

Million Bibles for  
Soldiers of Russia

NEW YORK, July 17.—The American Bible Society announced today that the Empress of Russia has consented to the distribution among 1,000,000 soldiers of the Russian army. The Bibles were contributed by children of the American Sunday schools.

FRANCE TO REPLENISH  
TREASURY GOLD SUPPLY

PARIS, July 17.—The ministry of finance issued a note regarding means adopted for replenishing the treasury with gold, as follows:

"The general treasury will be supplied by joint measures which have been adopted by the Bank of France and the ministry of finance for repurchasing the receipts given to those who will exchange their gold for these receipts, which upon demand will be exchanged for gold."

"As the result of an arrangement between the ministry of finance and the ministry of war, the French government will be empowered to issue these receipts for gold after July 15."

"All receipts are exempt from taxation."

ARGONNE VICTORY IS  
SIGNIFICANT: BERLIN

BERLIN, July 17, by wireless to St. Louis.—Included in the news items given out by the Overseas News Agency is the following:

"German military tacticians point out that the German victory in the Argonne, in France, is of special importance, as it shows that the connections toward western France are gradually being cut."

"The large amount of war material captured by the Germans in the last battle illustrates the importance attributed to the positions by the French commanders. The French, however, were unable to resist the terrific offensive of the crown prince's army."

## REMOVAL NOTICE

21 Years in Washington St.  
Now at  
414 Fourteenth Street  
Opposite Entrance to Macdonough Theater.

CHAS. H. WOOD  
OPTOMETRIST—OPTICIAN  
Sign "The Winking Eye."

WE DO IT ALL—Test your eyes and grind the lenses.  
We never advise GLASSES Except when necessary

Free Tire  
Serviceanywhere in  
OAKLAND  
ALAMEDA  
BERKELEYAny Time—Night or Day.  
Phone Lakeside 177Pacific Kissel Kar  
Branch  
24TH AND BROADWAY

## AUCTION SALES

J. A. MUNRO &amp; CO.

1007 Clay street, corner tenth street, Oakland 461, will go highest price paid for merchandise, furniture, etc., or will sell on commission. Sales every Friday.

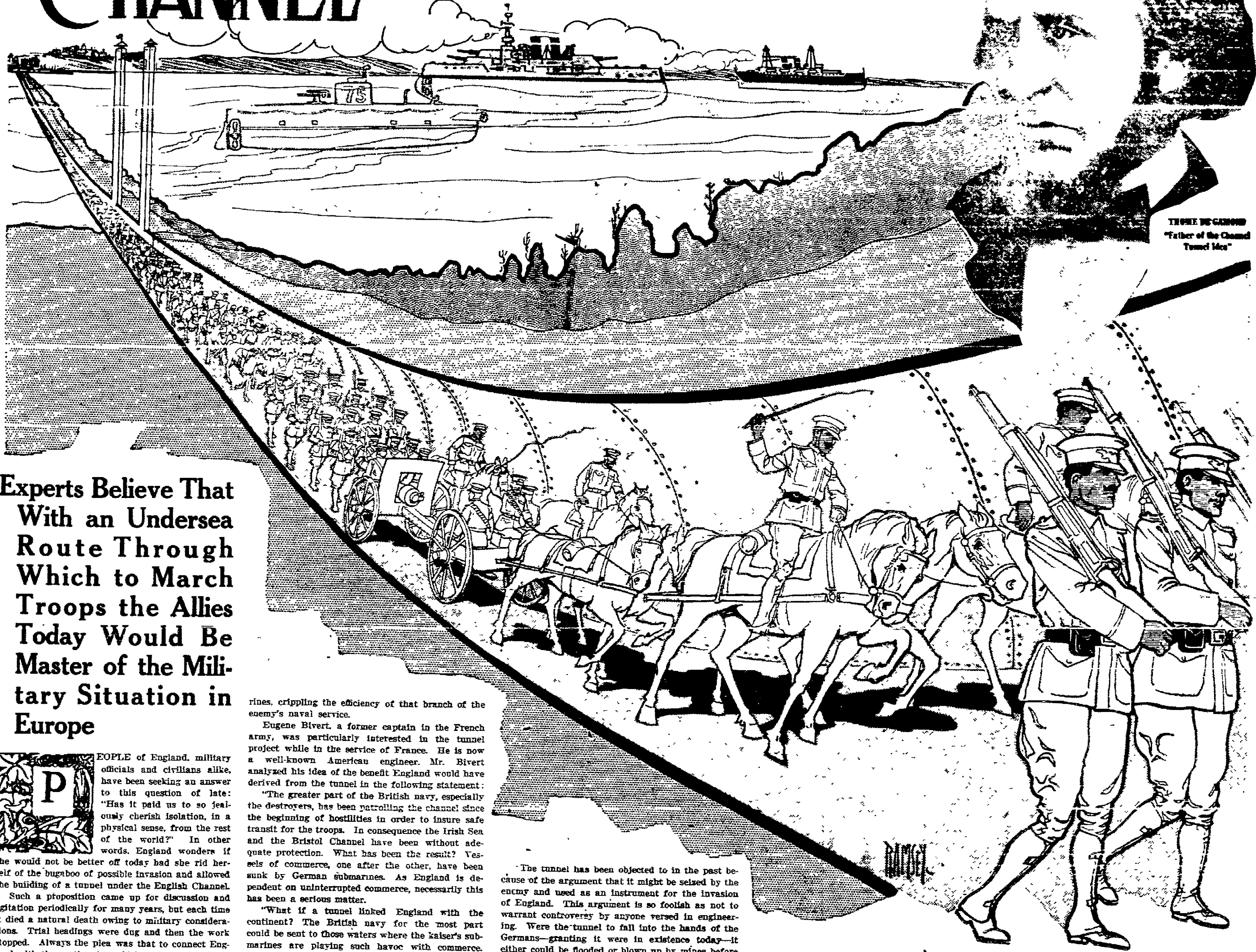


Sunday Morning  
July 18, 1915

# MAGAZINE SECTION

Oakland  
Tribune

## IF ENGLAND had TUNNELED the CHANNEL



**Experts Believe That With an Undersea Route Through Which to March Troops the Allies Today Would Be Master of the Military Situation in Europe**



PEOPLE of England, military officials and civilians alike, have been seeking an answer to this question of late: "Has it paid us to so jealously cherish isolation, in a physical sense, from the rest of the world?" In other words, England wonders if she would not be better off today had she rid herself of the bugaboo of possible invasion and allowed the building of a tunnel under the English Channel.

Such a proposition came up for discussion and agitation periodically for many years, but each time it died a natural death owing to military considerations. Trial headings were dug and then the work stopped. Always the plea was that to connect England with the continent would be inviting an enemy to sweep through the bore and place England face to face with the greatest crisis in her history.

Sentiment has changed to a great extent. If the tunnel were a reality today, reason a good many tacticians of the allies, England would be in a position to combat the Germans more effectively on land. Also she could prevent the sinking of so many of her merchantmen by the Kaiser's subma-

lines, crippling the efficiency of that branch of the enemy's naval service.

Eugene Bivert, a former captain in the French army, was particularly interested in the tunnel project while in the service of France. He is now a well-known American engineer. Mr. Bivert analyzed his idea of the benefit England would have derived from the tunnel in the following statement:

"The greater part of the British navy, especially the destroyers, has been patrolling the channel since the beginning of hostilities in order to insure safe transit for the troops. In consequence the Irish Sea and the Bristol Channel have been without adequate protection. What has been the result? Vessels of commerce, one after the other, have been sunk by German submarines. As England is dependent on uninterrupted commerce, necessarily this has been a serious matter.

"What if a tunnel linked England with the continent? The British navy for the most part could be sent to those waters where the Kaiser's submarines are playing such havoc with commerce. Destroyers would make those waters very uncomfortable for the undersea fighters. Comparatively few, if any, merchantmen would be destroyed. In my opinion, the existence of the tunnel would have prevented the Lusitania from being sent to her doom. The saving of the many lives aboard that vessel alone would have more than compensated for the construction of the tube.

The tunnel has been objected to in the past because of the argument that it might be seized by the enemy and used as an instrument for the invasion of England. This argument is so foolish as not to warrant controversy by anyone versed in engineering. Were the tunnel to fall into the hands of the Germans—granting it were in existence today—it either could be flooded or blown up by mines before the Germans could make use of it."

This later phase of Mr. Bivert's statement was dealt with in a statement made by Sir Hiram Maxim a year ago. He said:

"The opposition to the construction of a tunnel under the English Channel connecting France and England was due altogether to unthinking and unreasoning 'old fogies,' principally belonging to the military class. If these men had the least power

of thinking on the subject in a rational manner they would not fail to see what a simple matter it would be to close the tunnel against invaders.

There would be so many different ways of closing the tunnel, either from land or from sea, that the arguments are beneath contempt. Still, by some hook or crook, these unthinking and silly obstructionists have managed to have their way and prevent the building of a tunnel that would be of incalculable benefit to the two great nations if we had it in operation today."

Now, in a great crisis of her history, England wonders if it would not have paid her to heed such advice.

Francise du Tunnel Sous-marin," working from their starting point at Sangatte, a few miles west of Calais, had sunk two shafts to a depth of 150 feet and constructed a gallery for a distance of 2,900 yards, using like the English engineers, the Beaumont drill, which excavated at the rate of a quarter of a mile per month.

Matters were progressing satisfactorily on both sides of the channel, when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, a panic seized upon the English nation. In July, 1882, an application was made to the vice chancellor to restrain the directory of the channel tunnel from "committing the crime" of establishing an undersea communication between England and France. Peers, bishops, members of parliament and other notables signed a petition against the scheme (among them Huxley, Herbert Spencer and Robert Browning), and such an outcry was raised by the military party, headed by Lord Wolseley, that the board of trade stepped in and stopped the work.

In 1883 the whole question was referred to a joint select committee of the lords and commons who, after sifting the evidence for and against, afterward published in a ponderous report of nearly 600 pages, decided by a majority of two not to recommend the project. From then until 1904 the channel-tunnel project marked time, waiting until public opinion was ripe for a reconsideration of the scheme.

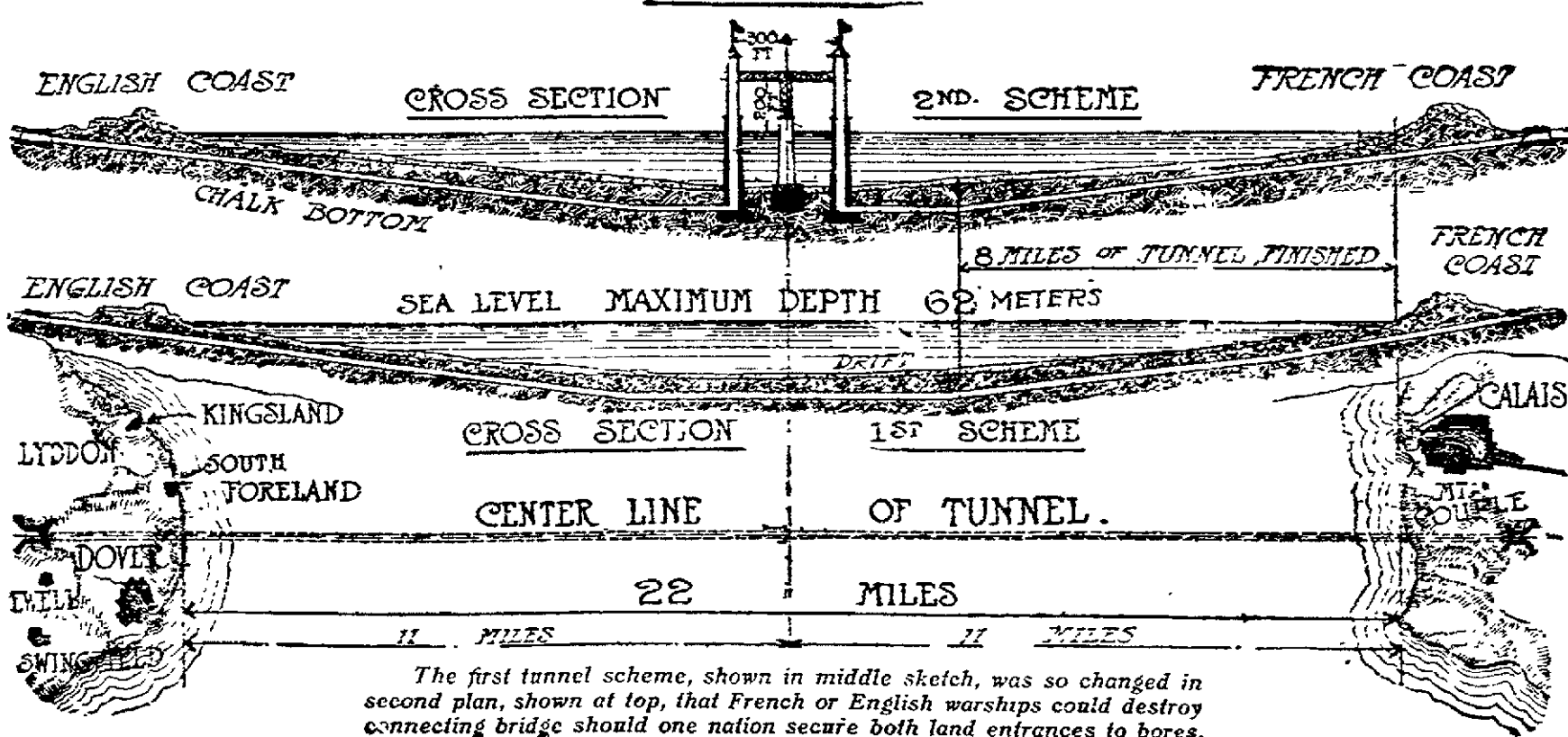
In 1906 everything seemed favorable for a resumption of work. The Anglo-French entente had been formed. Through mutual concessions there was not a cloud on the colonial horizon. France, too, ever ready to wash the slate and let bygones be bygones, suddenly burst into enthusiasm over the projected tunnel as the ardently desired crown jewel of the entente. But again in England the legend of the Great Shadow was evoked with shudders of dread by the government and its press.

### History of the Tube Plan

IN 1876 an eminent Frenchman, M. Thome de Gamond, who has been well named "The Father of the Channel Tunnel," believing a tunnel could and should be constructed between England and France, won the sympathy and support both of Queen Victoria and the prince consort.

He formed the French Channel Company in 1875 and in the same year the English Channel Tunnel Company, formed in 1872, began experimental operations at St. Margaret's Bay, east of Dover. These experiments, however, were not successful, and in 1881 the Southeastern Railway obtained parliamentary powers to make borings at Shakespeare Cliff. A shaft was sunk to a depth of 160 feet and a tunnel seven feet in diameter was driven for a mile and a quarter under the sea bed.

In the following year the works were taken over by the Submarine Railway Company, formed to buy out the original company, the name of the new venture being changed to "The Channel Tunnel Company, Limited." In the meantime the "Societe



The first tunnel scheme, shown in middle sketch, was so changed in second plan, shown at top, that French or English warships could destroy connecting bridge should one nation secure both land entrances to bores.



# SCIENCE AND NEAR-SCIENCE UP-TO-DATE

## New and Queer Bits of News

AFTER five years of work all the telephone lines in Melbourne have been dug underground.

ONE of the easiest ways to cool an overheated oven is to stand a basin of cold water in it.

MOST of Japan's pearl divers are women, who begin to learn the trade at the age of 13 or 14.

A NOUNCE of sugar of lead to a pail of water will help to fix the blue color in many textiles.

THE development of water power in Norway has made electricity cheaper than steam in that country.

A RECENTLY patented glass holder for a little more than a pair of hinged jaws controlled by a spring.

IRON imbedded in concrete in Germany has been found to be free from rust after more than forty-five years.

RAPID cooling of a liquid produces fine crystals; the slower it changes form the larger the crystals.

CHILE is to have a foundry for the manipulation of the raw material that comes from Bolivian tin mines.

## Where "Round Robin" Originated

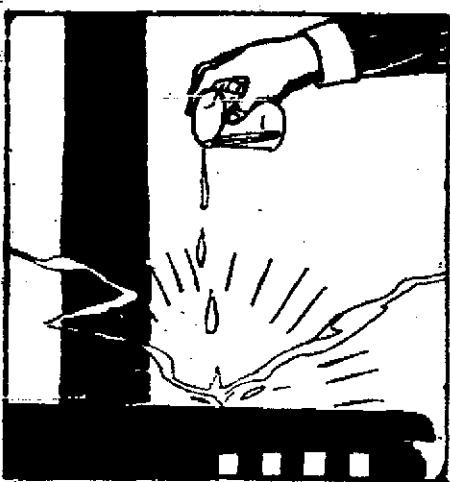
THE name "round robin," given to a written petition or protest, and signed by a number of persons in circular form so that it may not appear who signed it first, is supposed to have originated among the ancient Greeks. It later was used by the Romans.

The officials of the French government used the "round robin" in medieval times. As for the name, that is of very uncertain derivation. Some say it comes from the French words, *round ruban*, a round ribbon, but this is not at all probable. In some parts of England a pancake is called a round robin, and the question is: Was the circular petition named from or did it give the name to the pancake?

It has also been supposed that the petition was named for some person who suggested to his companions this peculiar method of declaring their sentiments, and Robin is a proper name, an old and familiar form of Robert. Another conjecture, however, given by Wheeler in his "Familiar Aliens," has greater probability:

"The small pieces of yarn or marine line that are used to confine the upper edge of a sail to the yard or gaff are called rope bands, corrupted by sailors to *robands*, or *robins*. Now, a robin of this sort enclosing a yard bears an easily recognizable, though rather fanciful, resemblance to a ring inclosing a petition or other writing. As 'round robins' are frequently made use of by British sailors, it is quite possible that this is the true origin of the name."

## Why You Can't Put One Drop of Water on a Red-Hot Stove



WHY is it impossible to throw a few drops of water on a red-hot stove? Perhaps you never knew that this cannot be done.

The bottom of the drop changes at once to steam or vapor on coming close to the hot surface. This vapor is supplied by the drop as it gradually goes away—in other words, the drop rests on a cushion of vapor until it has entirely disappeared.

You may ask why the drop is not immediately evaporated or changed to steam. The answer is this: The water vapor that intervenes between its under surface and the red-hot stove is not a good conductor of heat; consequently the full intensity of the heat cannot get to the water itself, the only amount available for this purpose being that transmitted through the vapor.

## Did Man Learn Military Tactics From Birds of the Far South?

DID man learn his military formations from the birds?

Recent observations of explorers in antarctic regions indicate that he did. At any rate he must have taken some hints from feathery aids.

The most interesting phenomenon of bird life was closely observed by Mr. G. Murray Levick, who thus describes it in his book "Antarctic Penguins":

"Many thousands of birds were on the sea ice between the ice foot and the open water. Then, about a quarter of a mile away—

"As we watched it became evident that something very unusual was going on. First, from one of the small bands, a single

bird suddenly appeared, ran a few yards in the direction of another small band, and stopped. Quick as a flash the entire band from which he had come executed the movement 'Left turn,' which brought them all into a position facing him.

"Then from the small band the single bird had approached another single bird ran out, on which his own party went through exactly the same maneuver that the first band had performed, so that the two bands now stood facing each other, some fifteen yards apart. Then spontaneously the two bands marched straight towards each other and proceeded to form one body. After that we saw the same maneuver executed in many other places.

## Milk in Form of POWDER New BABY SAVER



MOTHER is downtown with baby. Baby cries—he is hungry. Mother wheels him into a store and asks for a little water. Does mother think baby is thirsty—not hungry? Mother does not. She knows full well what she is about. Leave it to mother.

Opening a glass jar conveniently lying in the bottom of the buggy, mother pours some of the white powder contained therein into baby's bottle. Then she adds some of the water. Mother shakes the bottle vigorously and gives it to baby. A few happy gurgles, and baby settles down to enjoy his liquid repast.

Has mother given baby a substitute for milk? Mother has not. She has given him milk—real milk.

Milk powder, which the up-to-date mother carries with her on trips to the department store, is the same substance as the fresh milk, retained in its natural condition without having undergone any chemical change in its process of manufacture.

Milk powder is being manufactured both with its original butter fat content and with the butter fat removed. For baking and cooking by far the bulk of the business at the present time is in the skim milk powder. Up to the present time this product has not been put on the market extensively for household purposes but it soon will be sold from the grocery shelves and the same as condensed or evaporated milk.

Milk powder has the natural milk flavor and can be used for any and all purposes that fresh milk is used. It also is much cheaper than liquid milk with the butter fat in it and should be a valuable addition to the kitchen of the housewife. It is not necessary to keep the product on the ice. Neither does all of a package have to be used at one time. It will remain sweet for an indefinite period.

The government, say those who

deal in powdered milk, recommends it in preference to liquid milk on account of its ideal keeping qualities, and there are a number of physicians who have recommended it to hospitals for the use of the patients and for baby food, because of its low bacteria and acid contents.



It will prove a boon, particularly in the congested districts of the great cities, according to settlement workers. Recent statistics show that improperly prepared milk costs the lives of hundreds, sometimes thousands, of babies every summer. In thousands of families ice is a luxury that is beyond the reach of the providers. Since milk will not remain fit for food for more than two or three hours unless kept on ice it is plain that ordinary cow's milk will not serve the purpose.

"As a life-saver there is no telling how important this means of handling milk will be," said Frank J. Manning, a Chicago settlement worker. "Even where we are able to provide ice for poor families it seems like an unbalanced investment to buy 10 or 15 cents' worth of ice every day to keep 5 to 8 cents' worth of milk."

"It is because many parents look upon the ice question in the same way that babies lose their lives with every warm spell. I believe that I could take the burial permits for any great city and, without looking at dates or other records, tell when hot waves struck it. The death rate jumps with every rise in the temperature. If this new milk will do what I think it will thousands of lives will be saved."

Real milk with nothing but the water removed—that is the way dealers analyze milk powder. By adding the original measure of water it contained real milk is the result.



## Some Facts You May Not Know

THE College of Hawaii has added a four-year course in sugar technology.

THE area of Canada's forests is more than double all of Europe's.

WHEN cooked by electricity meats shrink less than when cooked by coal.

ABOUT \$500,000,000 a year is being spent on education in the United States.

A WIRELESS station, open to the public, has been opened in Tierra del Fuego.

A METAL clamp to hold two pieces of wood together at right angles has been patented.

COMPRESSED peat is being developed as a sound insulating material by a Berlin inventor.

A NEW clamp to hold a cover on a milk bottle also serves as a handle to carry the bottle.

## Fireproof Clothes May Now Be Had

AT THE safety exposition held in New York recently, Dr. Charles Frederick Faber demonstrated how to make fireproof clothing. He poured from one pound to a gallon of cold water in a solution of ammonium phosphate. Then he took an eight-inch strip of ordinary cotton gauze and dipped it in the ammonium phosphate solution. He dried it with an electric fan and held it in a flame for thirty seconds, but it did not burn. He took another strip of gauze that had not been treated with the solution and on igniting it it burned in four seconds. He advised that the whole family washing should be made fireproof. The expense for an average-size family would be about 15 cents a week.

## Eat Fruits in Plenty—They Hold Health and Happiness for You

THE season for fruit is with us. Eat of it if you would enjoy the blessings that nature thus has lavished upon us. The use of many fruits during the time they are seasonable—which means when they are cheapest—will give you a robust health.

Fruits and vegetables are similar in composition, but differ in some very significant respects. Both contain much water, mineral matter, some cellulose and protein. Those foods nourish most that have least water. Among vegetables potatoes, corn, peas have least water. Fruits, like vegetables, are of two somewhat distinct kinds, though this is not readily seen except by comparison of the extremes, as bananas and oranges. As starch decreases in vegetables so sugar does in fruits. Fruits are sometimes distinguished as "food" and "dancer" fruits in recognition of this difference. But all fruits have flavor and value besides furnishing heat energy, which both their sugar and acids give as these are broken up in the body.

Mineral salts in fruits, such as potassium, are especially important to the body. They are in a form in which the body can use them. It is only as these are associated with organic matter, as they are in fruits through plant growth, that the body can assimilate them. The flavor in fruit is produced by their complex oils, with their organic acids, sugar and water. Organic acids in fruit, though much alike, are not the same. Apples contain malic acids, as do tomatoes; oranges and lemons citric; grapes tartaric.

Degree of ripeness of fruit affects its value and usefulness as food, since its composition changes as it matures. Unripe fruit contains more cellulose, starch, pectin and acids.

Some foods are palatable both wild and cultivated. This is true of strawberries, though wild differ from cultivated. Moun-

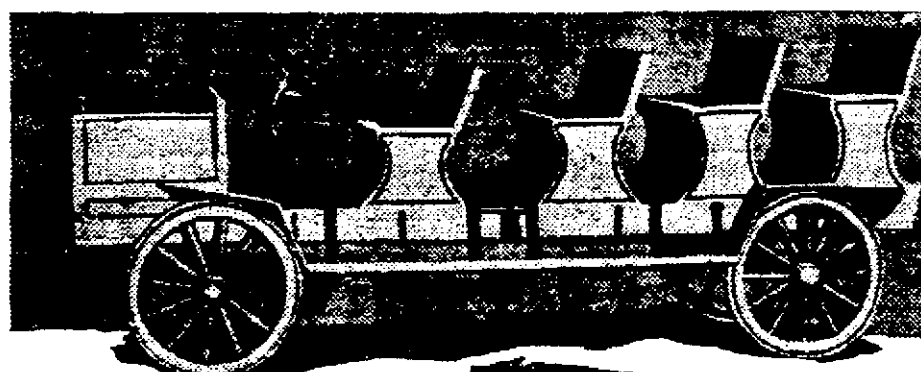
tain cranberries are more palatable and delicate than those of the lowland bog cultivated. But by cultivation only are such foods brought into form to render them acceptable human foods. Apples untended return to a wild state—that is, a stage in their development below the level where they became a desirable addition to the diet of humanity. Cultivation of fruit has greatly increased of late years, due to the great importance attached to it as food and to development of regions especially suited by soil and climate to its growth combined with extension of transportation facilities. Green fruits contain much starch. The plant as fruit matures has the power to change starch into sugar. As fruit decays or fruit juice ferments sugar is changed further and alcohol is formed. This is the process of wine production from grapes that are themselves from one-third to one-half sugar. Cider is thus derived from apples that are from one-twentieth to one-seventh sugar.

To have fresh fruits for out of season use they must be transformed or stored. Bacteria usually are the foes of food. Low temperature delays bacterial growth. Temperature lowered sufficiently to do this, but not so low as to freeze the fruit, preserves fruit palatably during transportation or for six months of storage for reserved use. It is thus fresh fruit is made available throughout the year, but at high cost out of season. Fruits are dried and preserved by cooking for deferred use. Drying deprives fruit of moisture until desired for use. Returning water to it revives it and its flavor somewhat. Dried fruits lose freshness, but in losing water increase the proportion of their nutrients. Grapes and raisins differ thus, as do also plums and prunes. Such fruits are concentrated foods, because in small bulk there is a high percentage of nourishment. Such dried fruits are wholesome, but are not substitutes for fresh fruit.

## Ideas That May Be Converted Into Cash

ALL about you are inventions or simple household devices that tend to make life easier, happier or healthier. Perhaps you have discovered or invented something of the sort. If not you see articles of this kind that have been originated by others. Perhaps you have seen a new safeguard to cope with umbrella thieves, a means of keeping baby from falling from the high chair, or a holder for hot implements on the cook stove. This newspaper desires to help in distributing these time and labor saving ideas broadcast. It will make your help profitable by buying your two best ideas on these subjects each week. Five dollars will be paid for the best description of such a device and \$3 for the second idea selected. If possible a photograph, a drawing or a rough pencil sketch should accompany your contribution. The subjects may involve anything that could be classified as science or near-science. Address Science Editor, care of this newspaper.

## New Disappearing Jitney Bus



ONE of the most surprising of the summer novelties to be seen in the vaudeville houses is the disappearing jitney bus.

An energetic promoter rides out upon the stage in a jitney bus that has four seats and seems capable of offering accommodations to eight persons and weeks to sell it to a farmer.

But the farmer fails to succumb to the silvery tongued orator. Suddenly the auto owner, becoming impatient, seizes his machine, pushes a few buttons and it col-

lapses, is wrapped up and suddenly becomes a narrow trunk.

## Uncle Sam's Experts Are Seeking Deposits of Potash at Home

THE United States geological survey is still continuing its work in hunting for deposits of potash in this country. The government appropriated a sum of money for this purpose and a great deal of work has been done. Potash has been found in several deposits, mostly in California and in parts of the desert lands in the West. In one or two places these deposits are promising, but these places are so far removed from transportation and are so inaccessible at present that it will be years before potash found there can be utilized.

Some of this potash is found in brine taken from salt mines. In other places it is in the form of a mineral. Great quantities of potash are found in the kelp and seaweed along the Pacific coast, and it is well known that many of the granite rocks throughout New England contain fair amounts of this material. In none of these places, however, has potash been found in such quantities that the price could compare with the potash from the German mines in time of peace.



# THE SHOEING OF MARS

HOW CUPID SHOD THE WAR GOD, ENGINEERED A PAIR OF REVOLUTIONS AND JOINED TWO LOVING SOULS.



OR the third time Jane Meredith warded off Hugh Lorimer's eager arms.

"Now, just wait," she cried. "This is all very nice, but you just go below and speak to father. If you don't dare face him, you're not going to marry me."

"You're always so practical," Hugh complained. "But I'll go." In the cabin of John Meredith's yacht Cynthia, on which Hugh was a guest, he found the shoe magnate reading a magazine. It was not the young man's way to mince matters.

"I beg pardon," he said, and when Meredith looked up, "I'd like to marry your daughter."

"You'd like what?" the prospective father-in-law shouted.

"I'd like to marry your daughter."

"Oh?" grunted the older man. There was a pause. "I suppose she'd like to marry you, eh?"

"I believe so," admitted Hugh modestly.

Meredith chewed his cigar for a few seconds.

"Well," he said at last, looking Lorimer squarely in the eyes, "I've nothing against you, Hugh. You're a good, clean living young fellow, and a man with half an eye could tell you're honestly in love with Jane. The rub is you've never done anything—I mean outside of ripping up the Yale eleven last year."

"That's the rub, Hugh. You never made a penny in your life."

Hugh's mouth set. "I've tried. I've tramped New York from one end to the other looking for work."

"Hugh," said John Meredith slowly, "you show me you can make good, and you marry Jane on the day she names. Next time you ask a man for a job stick to him till you get it."

"All right," replied Hugh with a nervous smile, "I will." And he did. He stuck at it until Meredith regretted the advice he had given. In desperation he walked to an open port and gazed across the moonlit water. Twinkling lights on shore winked merrily at him. Suddenly he faced about, his eyes dancing like the far off lights he had seen.

"Hugh, there is one particular spot where Meredith shoes aren't sold," he said. "It's Port Princess. You can see its lights to starboard now. If you say the word I'll set you ashore there to-morrow morning and make you sole agent for Meredith shoes in Tayhi."

"I'll take that offer," replied Lorimer quietly. "I guess I'd better tell Jane you have consented to our marriage."

The twinkle was still in Meredith's eyes as they shook hands.

"Make good," he said, "and you name the day."

Early next morning Hugh put off in the yacht's tender. Beyond the bow of the Tayhi navy—all this happened before they beached her to keep her from sinking when the engineer-cook dropped a sixty-pound casting through the bottom—the government wharf protruded like an elongated index finger. Behind it Port Princess baked in the morning sun. Through the dazzling heat waves which rose endlessly from the surface of the harbor Hugh caught sight of a solitary figure staring earnestly in his direction.

"The Reception Committee is on his job," observed the captain, who was taking Lorimer ashore. The captain had been in Tayhi before.

It was not until Hugh lifted his satchel from the bottom of the tender that the solitary figure on the end of the wharf showed signs of life. Suddenly he threw his arms skyward and executed a fantastic step, accompanying his antics with lusty howls of joy. Hugh climbed the fast rotting ladder to the top of the wharf, to suddenly find himself in the arms of the "Reception Committee."

"You are really a white man!" cried the stranger rapturously. "Of course, you don't understand, but I've met every steamer for the last ten months and you're the first man of my own color who has put foot on this wharf. If you're time before you return to the yacht you are my guest for dinner."

"I'd like a chance to wash up a bit first," said Hugh. "I'm here to stay."

"Don't need to," he said. "The International isn't all it sounds, but it's the best here. The consuls and a ticket of leave man are the only other white members. They use it when they are here, which isn't very often. Just now they're in Santiago, probably playing seven-up."

"My name's Colby," he rattled on—"John Colby, of the New York News. Came down here ten months ago on a tip that a revolution was brewing. My office has a chronic tip that there's a revolution brewing in Tayhi. At the end of each and every separate one of these ten months I've been prepared to leave for home, and every time my office has another tip. The cable begins to hum as the anchor of my homeward bound steamer splashes in the harbor." He paused, with a frown of annoyance. "Pardon me, I haven't given you an opportunity of telling your name."

"Hugh Lorimer, Dedham, Mass.," said Hugh.

"Knew you were U. S. A.," declared Colby. "Ten to one you can mix a cocktail."

It was not until after dinner that Colby asked Hugh his mission in Tayhi.

"Not by any chance a tip on a revolution?" he inquired anxiously.

"A commercial proposition," replied Hugh. "To begin with, Colby," he continued, "I am worth considerable money, a fact that has proved a detriment rather than an advantage to me."

The newspaper man's expression conveyed more plainly than he could have put it in words that this was quite beyond him.

"It came to a case of—well, make good at some end of work or lose the girl I want to marry. That's a proposition my sometime dad-in-law put up to me, so I held him up for a job. He gave it to me. I'm his sole agent in Tayhi."

Colby wagged his head thoughtfully.

"Sounds as though there must be a catch in it somewhere," he said. "It doesn't seem reasonable that a man should tell you you had to go out in the cold world and make good, then turn around and give you an all-fired touch one. What's the line?"

"I represent the Meredith Shoe Company."

"Shoes?" The single word exploded from Colby's

system, whereupon he burst into laughter.

"I'm afraid I don't get the joke," objected Lorimer, a little stiffly.

"Oh, my poor head," gasped Colby, wiping his brimming eyes. "I told you there was a catch somewhere. Look yonder by the window."

Hugh glanced across the room. Three dusky men were engaged in earnest conversation. Each was resplendent in gold braid and medals in quantities sufficient to make a jangling garment for a Salome dancer. Off the comic opera stage Lorimer had never seen more magnificent uniforms. Lorimer's eyes took in the picture, wandered downward and suddenly bulged. His jaw sagged.

Each of the trio was barefoot!

"Those three gentlemen are the President, Secretary of State and the head of the army," explained Colby in a whisper.

Hugh glared at the bare feet.

"They're got to wear them," he growled. "But how—how in thunder is it to be worked?"

"Brace up!" expostulated Colby. "I'll figure a way out of this. I've a heavy score against this eternally rebellious country, and I can think of no better way to achieve revenge than to induce its feet into pinchy patent leather boots. Leave it to me. I'm off to the cable office to file a despatch. You go to my room. I have one of the four bathtubs on this island. Step



and get into it; you'll find that the only way to keep cool and protect yourself from insects. S'long."

It was after five o'clock in the afternoon when Colby rejoined Lorimer in his rooms.

"I've fixed it," he announced, cheerfully. "You get the girl. I have put in two very rough hours on board the navy with our three barefoot friends, with a barefoot crew serving all kinds of drinks at the expense of this barefoot nation. I bring their acceptance of your invitation to dine here this evening."

"But I haven't," began Lorimer.

"Oh, yes you have," Colby smiled, blandly. "Listen to me. These chaps understand that you are a great traveler, as well as an expert on military affairs, having—"

"But I can't tell a musket from a Maxim gun."

"Which has nothing to do with the case at hand: As I was saying, they are well aware of the fact that at different times you have been called upon by Lord Kitchener, Major General Leonard Wood, Albert of Belgium and the great General Joffre for expert advice on army affairs."

"I left them bibulously discussing the fact that you had casually remarked to me that the armies of Europe found a tonic for their sense of humor in the fact that the soldiers of Tayhi, with their otherwise perfect equipment, wore no shoes."

"And my part?" inquired Hugh, meekly.

"Is to clinch the bargain," replied his businesslike friend, briskly. "The President, the Secretary of State and the commander of the army will arrive within the hour, still quite mellow. I have ordered the dinner—and the wine. Draw up a contract for four thousand pairs of shoes, pay the bill for our little party and leave the rest to me. If you have a dinner coat put it on. If you were ever an athlete you'll have some medals somewhere. Dangle 'em over your shirt front. I'm going for a tub. Need one."

At dinner Colby engineered the conversation round to affairs military and naval. Unblushingly Colby manufactured anecdotes of Hugh's warlike prowess and his acquaintance with all the great military figures from Grant to French. Apparently the rulers of Tayhi were not hampered with a working knowledge of history. But the talk—and the wine—did their work.

Before coffee was served the great statesmen were vainly endeavoring to draw their nude extremities up into their trouser legs for shame, to hide their lack of shoes. They wept for shoes, they clamored for shoes! They declared the honor of Tayhi hung in the balance for the want of brogans.

When it was made known to them that Lorimer could supply the footwear they begged, with tears in their eyes, to be allowed to sign the contract. When the wobbly signatures had been fixed to an airtight agreement Hugh was obliged to dig into his luggage and bestow on his parting guests three pairs of his own shoes—for without shoes they refused to leave.

Days before the arrival of the shoes irate officers besieged Lorimer demanding to know where was their footwear and when it would arrive. The soldiers stalked in barracks, refusing to drill in shameful bare feet. The whole nation—except that part of it which was in rebellion—waited, grumbling and chagrined, on the will of the Meredith Shoe Company.

The great day dawned. An incredulous captain sent the heavy packing cases ashore and winked as

By Innis G. Osborn  
and  
Henry M. Snevily

he surmised to his mate that there was more good gunpowder than sole leather in the boxes. A guard of honor, with feet wrapped in burlap rags, was drawn up on the wharf, and as the first crate was plumped onto Tayhi's soil a salute was fired from the anemic brass cannon on the bow of the Tayhi navy.

Several days later, in the grateful coolness of the International Club, Colby peamed on his fellow conspirator.

"To have put it over on them like that is worth

the ten months I've spent here," he opined with sincere satisfaction. "It's a pity you don't carry a side line of silk socks."

Their admiration meeting was broken by the clumsy entrance of the commander in chief of the army. Stopping before the two Americans, he drew up one of his aching leather encased feet and, standing stock-like, saluted.

"I have wonderful news," he said, with a little grimace of agony. "War has been declared by Santo Domingo."

"The shoes!" cried Colby.

"That's it!" shouted Hugh, taking his cue from the newspaper man. "They've heard of the shoes and they are going to try to capture them!"

"They will have to take them from our dead bodies," declared the commander in chief, valiantly.

"One of these breaks out every fifteen or twenty minutes," Colby explained to Lorimer.

"We desire that our honored friend"—here the General cautiously shifted to his other foot and saluted Lorimer—"go to the front with us, after reviewing the departing troops, to give us his expert strategic advice."

"Mr. Lorimer appreciates the privilege," said Colby, quickly. "We follow you immediately, sir."

The General saluted and hurried from the room.

After what he explained was a proper period of waiting Colby led his friend to the gayly bedecked band stand in the plaza. Leaning against the railing of the decrepit structure, after a fashion dictated by Colby as quite the proper one, they awaited the coming of the newly shod troops. From the barracks at the end of the straggling street floated the fanfare of trumpets. There was a staccato rattle of drums, but no thin line of heroes swung into view. A second and a third time the summons to arms was wafted to the ears of the occupants of the band stand, yet no soldiers were forthcoming.

Without vouchsafing any explanation, Colby slipped under the railing and rushed up the street between the lines of natives who waited the appearance of their shodden heroes. Suddenly he reappeared, running at top speed. At the band stand he paused long enough to yell—

"Luck! There's the devil to pay back there."

Lorimer vaulted the railing and followed into a side street and down to the cable office. The operator was away, waiting for the parade. Colby sank into a chair, then, without seeming provocation, burst into laughter. Lorimer crossed the room and shook him by the shoulders.

"What's up?" he demanded. "I thought we were to review the troops."

"There isn't going to be any review," chorled his companion. "The army isn't going to march a step. Hang it all, they can't!"

Lorimer groaned.

"It's the shoes! The men can't walk in them, but we've done our work so well they won't take them off. What is a war or two, they said, compared with their shoes? Oh, my eye, if you could have seen them."

Hugh missed the humor of the situation. The first payment on the contract had not been made. He had rendered the army useless for war, failed in his first business venture, and Jane seemed further away from him than ever.

Colby straightened up abruptly. His sharp ears caught the sound of rumbling wheels, drivers swearing at their animals. For the first time in history

the army of Tayhi was being transported to the front in mule carts.

The door to the cable office slammed open and four officers, barefooted but limping from the effects of their shoes, entered. Facing the two Americans, one of them gathered furiously for several moments to the effect that they were under arrest by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, backed by the President himself.

"This is an outrage!" Lorimer shouted. "I demand the protection of the American consul!"

"Who is probably playing bridge in Santiago," supplemented Colby, grimly, "and you can't send for him. We may as well go to jail."

They were not long in learning their fate. Walking beside the mule cart, in which rode the President and the commander in chief, they listened to a tirade from those officials, who from time to time tenderly nursed their aching feet.

"You will remain with us in the trenches," concluded the General. "If we are defeated the San Dominites will find you there and put an end to your miserable careers. If we are victorious it is likely we will execute you for treason." This ended the dialogue.

With such cheerful bits of conversation Colby beguiled the time until they arrived at the front. The Tayhi navy, kneeling for comfort, were scooping out



A score or two leaped to their feet, hobbled a few steps to the rear, then sank to the ground, groaning.

trenches with a few pickaxes, some bayonets and their tin messpates. On a hill, a quarter of a mile away, the army of San Domingo was already entrenched.

"Everything is set according to the book," granted Colby. "As soon as both sides are ready the generals will exhorted their men to charge. Whichever army rouses enough enthusiasm first will win. It's a foregone conclusion that neither side will resist a charge. A few volleys while the enemy is still distant, then break and run. After that, peace!"

Presently a San Dominite officer mounted a breastwork, placed a conch shell to his lips and sounded an insulting blast. It was the "fresh fish" call of Tayhi, and the shodden soldiers writhed under the insult. Above the wind in the trees reverberated the perorations of the Tayhiitan officers.

But the warriors were content to lie on their backs in the trenches and admire the scarcely scratched Meredith shoes, for while victory always attended the army which charged first it was equally an axiom that the victorious side always suffered what fatalities the war entailed, for the enemy never left the protection of the trenches except to flee.

At last the San Dominites poured over their trenches and catapulted toward the Tayhiitan stronghold.

In accordance with accepted custom, the soldiers of Tayhi discharged two or three not too accurate volleys. On rushed the shouting warriors of the hostile republic. The officers of the Tayhiitans began to exhibit signs of nervous haste. Furtively they measured the distance between their lines and the charging enemy. Those who had not already discarded their shoes now did so, but the men in the trenches refused to be separated from their newly acquired footwear.

Two hundred yards separated the combatants. "Retreat!" shrieked the Tayhiitan officers and immediately set the example.

A score or two of the rank and file leaped to their feet, hobbled a few steps to the rear, then sank to the ground, groaning. The majority of the troops knew better than to attempt to move.

The charging line of San Dominites wavered. They did not know what to make of the situation. And, as if they had awaited this crucial moment, Colby and Lorimer acted. Snatching swords that had been dropped by officers, they knelt behind the men in the trenches, urging them to fire lower. A hundred yards away the enemy paused. Two or three officers ran away, howling. For a moment their lines wavered; then they broke and dashed back to and beyond the trenches from which they had so valiantly charged.

"The war is over!" announced Colby. "I told you something would happen if we hung on."

At the head of the victorious troops the two Americans rode back to Port Princess, the footsore army shouting itself hoarse as it trundled over the rough roads in mule carts.

The army filed into the barracks, and Hugh and Colby sought the seclusion of the International Club.

"Hello!" exclaimed Lorimer, as he picked up an envelope addressed in his name. "News from home—and the Meredith Shoe Company!"

"Probably calling you home to take charge of the New York office," muttered Colby, ruefully. "I say, what's off?"

Lorimer passed the open sheet across the table, and Colby read—

"My Dear Lorimer—

"You have in part fulfilled the requirements we place on our sale-men in that you have sold the goods. You still have a rather important mission to carry out. Per your order, we shipped 4,000 pairs of shoes at the wholesale price of three dollars per pair. In addition, we note, your expenses to date are a matter of five hundred dollars, a total of twelve thousand five hundred invested. When may we expect check?"

JOHN MEREDITH.

Even Colby found this a sticker. Far into the night they pondered, but no solution was forthcoming. But one thing was certain—somehow or other they must get that money.

Gradually the officers of the army filtered back from the city. News travels through revolutionaries as lightning quick (though's even in Tayhi), and before sunrise even the President had learned of his victory and steamed back into the harbor. He was in that happy state which knows no time distinctions, and, in company with his commander in chief and the Secretary of the Treasury, rolled into the International Club, to find Hugh and Colby still wrestling with the problem of ways and means.

"We have decreed that you shall be adjutant commander of the army," announced the President after Colby had translated his thanks for Hugh's services to the republic.

"When do you pay for the shoes?" demanded Hugh with brutal directness. He was thinking of Jane and the letter.

"But the treasury is depleted. The recent war, capricious as it was, has emptied the Treasury."

"Go to the devil!" snapped Hugh, a statement that the President failed to appreciate. "I shall appeal to the Senate!" he told Colby.

"What, again?" grinned that individual, cheerfully. "There is only one way to get the money, and that is to take it. I've an idea, but it will bear sleeping on. Come to bed."

Toward noon—the subject matter having been dictated by Colby—Lorimer despatched the following remarkable cable to John Meredith:

"I expect with a fortnight to be able to forward you the money. I find that there is but one way to get it—namely, by obtaining the signature of the President of the republic on an order against the customs funds. Having failed to convince the present Executive of the desirability of such a step, I shall follow the suggestion of my good friend Colby, seize the office myself and assume the needed signature."

HUGH LORIMER.

The rest of the day and the entire night were spent in sowing the seeds of sedition, well moistened with champagne among the officers who straggled into the International Club. So successful was this that when reveille sounded in the barracks the men roused themselves to listen to denunciations of their officers, who vividly sketched the character and ancestry of the President and his staff—those who had deserted the men in the trenches. The fact that these eloquent officers had fled also seemed to have been conveniently forgotten.

What was more fitting, they asked rather thickly than that the great Lorimer whose shoes had won the day for Tayhi should be made President? The thing was accomplished in an instant. The army rose to its boots, helpless feet, cheered the new President and sank back with relief to a sitting posture to drink away the holiday.

It is worthy of mention that Lorimer and Colby had no sooner installed themselves in the royal suite of the Government Palace than the erstwhile President, his former Secretary of the Treasury and Commander in Chief, in the quiet of the International Club, became engaged in one of the most popular pastimes of the torrid zone—plotting a revolution!

One morning, a few weeks after the "war," Colby entered the royal bedchamber and flopped unceremoniously on to the edge of the new President's bed.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, fearfully; "I'm not deposed yet, am I?"

"Not yet," replied Colby, slowly, "but pretty soon unless all the signs fail."

"That's the best news I've heard," cried Lorimer, springing out of bed. "I was beginning to fear that no one would relieve me of this confounded republic. Have you stopped to realize that my expense account for holding the Presidency long enough to get those shoes paid for has been five thousand dollars? Lord, cheer up! It's good news."

"Not so good as you think," retorted Colby, gloomily. "There's a gunboat flying the Stars and Stripes out in the harbor. Our three friends who lately occupied the place have been on board of her for an hour explaining that they are the worst kind of a crook. It looks bad for us."

"H'm!" Lorimer became suddenly serious. "What brought the gunboat here?"

Colby shrugged his shoulders.

"The natural desire of a fourth rate European Consul for publicity," he replied. "Here's the way I figure it. That infernal trio we turned out of office called to the consuls in Santiago. Certain European officers saw their chance for a grand stand play, moved up on their hind legs and clamored that this revolution of ours was an attempt to steal the island for the United States. The gunboat left Santiago three hours later, with orders from Washington. That part is straight enough. I got it from the cable operator, who owes me money. Besides, my paper has wired for the story."

"It looks like the last chapter," he muttered, turning back to Colby. "Jump out and see what you can learn! I suppose we shall have to stand up and receive them in a manner fitting our stations and then go to jail. This is no ordinary upheaval!"

"It's a catastrophe," agreed Colby, swearing softly. "With the jockies on hand as moral support for the former President we don't stand a show."

Ten minutes later he was back again, his face alive with excitement.

"They're all up at the club, holding some sort of a powwow," he explained. "It's good night for us. But that isn't all. I drifted into the wireless house to see if they had any news and picked up this message from some boat that calls herself the Cynthia."

Lorimer emitted a bowl of delight.

"Why? God bless your homely visage, that's the name of the Meredith yacht," he cried.

Snatching a piece of flimsy from Colby's hand, he bent over it and read a fragment of a message which evidently had been interrupted—

"Make west coast. Boat waiting. Come and—"

Five minutes later the single high powered automobile in the republic, the successive property of various Presidents, was roaring through the hills, with two Americans in the front seat.

Just as they had been scrambling into the car a messenger rushed up and thrust a slip of yellow paper into Hugh's hand. Without glancing at it Lorimer thrust it into his pocket.

As the matty little leader from the Cynthia chugged away from the beach he drew the crumpled paper out and read it. The message was from the President, returning to power, and was addressed to Hugh.

"No hard feeling," it read. "You won the war for us. Ship at once five thousand more pairs of shoes."

Hugh handed the order to John Meredith, who came ashore in the tender. The shoe magnate snorted as he read its contents.

"You come home and marry Jane," he said to Lorimer. "It's cheaper than having you send shoes. And this man Colby—he seems to have ideas. I think we can use him in the business."

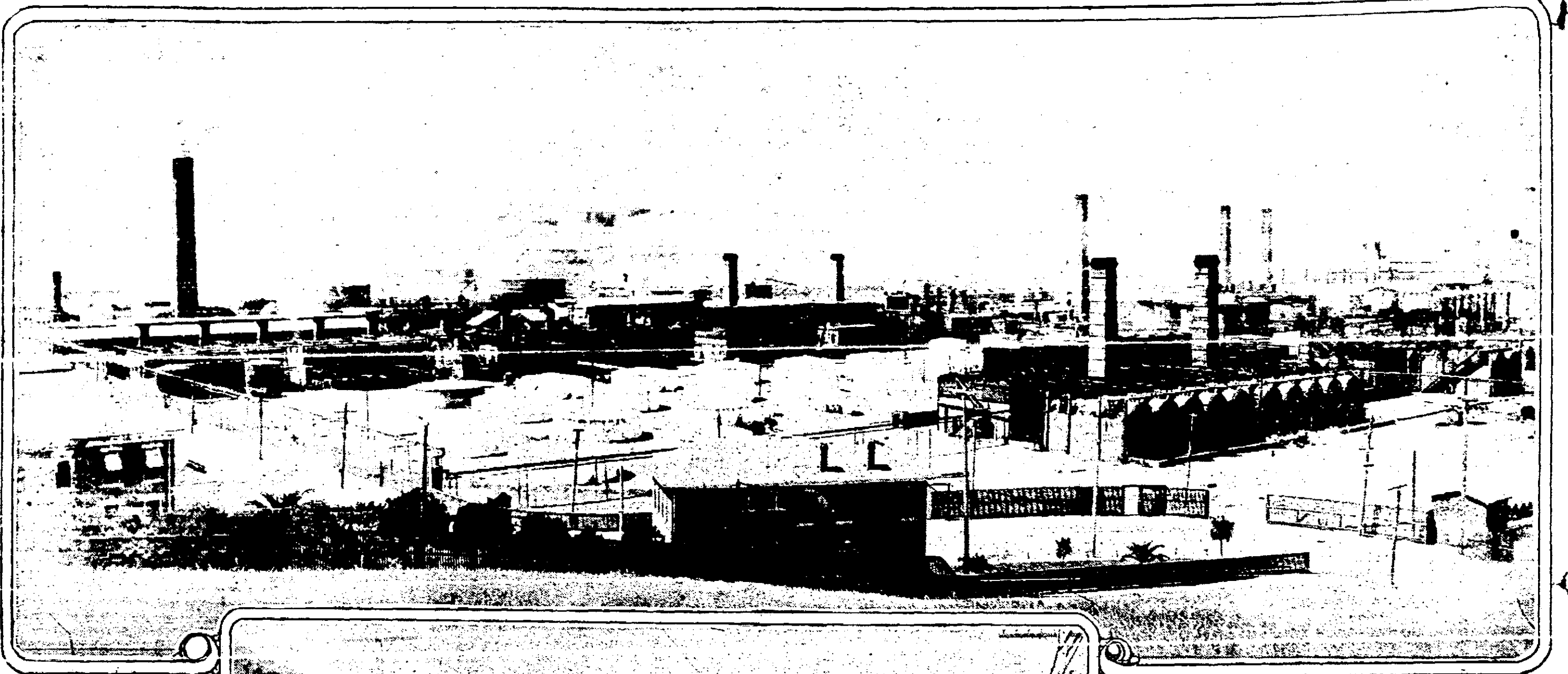
On the quarterdeck of the yacht a girl was waiting a handkerchief.

Colby smiled appreciatively. "My first business is, as best man," he chuckled, but Hugh did not hear him. His eyes were on the girl.

Meredith tore the shoe order into bits, and as he tossed the pieces overboard the breeze sent them swirling back toward Tayhi.



# RICHMOND *The* RICH



## Grit and Coin, and Civic Progress

(By BILLY GLYNN.)

On the road to Richmond they let you off at Albany station. It has a pleasant sound, that word Albany, tinged somewhat with aristocracy, with grand manners and flourishes. But as prediction it is entirely untrue. Richmond is none of these things, and it is with a sort of relief that you discover this. The proudest local which a Richmonder knows—and every Richmonder loves his town—is that Richmond is a city of workmen, owned by workmen and run by workmen; that it is as happy as any community can be, and financially can compare with any place of its size in the United States.

These are its jewel facts and mixed with their radiance are a thousand other matters of interest and presentations characteristic; and the road leading to it runs straight and gray or rather grows more so the more it runs. For Richmond believes not so much in decoration as it does in a mastery of the essential verities. Its lapels have few roses to entertain the eye, but its stomachs are never empty through want, and neither are its houses, which all wear blinds. The commonest thing in Richmond is children, and the rarest thing is a "To Let" sign. If there is any other city of its population in this country that has more kiddies to the square yard, then it must be a nursery, merely a nursery.

### ALBANY'S FLOWERS.

But we really have seen nothing of these things yet, for we are still at the station at Albany, and there are flowers all around here, and sunlit hills, with a grove of heavy-folaged trees spreading poetically on top of them—a line of sentinels looking probably to the sea. Trees always appear to be looking to what is deepest and always reaching to what is highest, and both age and youth sigh in the winds which stir their verdure.

Albany station, itself, is painted yellow, just as the street cars are painted yellow, or orange, if you wish to be precise, and there are flowers in front of it, just as the street cars have motormen. There are other pretty things about this corner, and the grass is long and you like it, and if there was any dog about you you would be glad to play with it.

But on the street car in to Richmond you meet with a flatness which makes you serious. The hills dwindle away and die gradually. The windmills are all busy, the telegraph poles loom large. Buildings appear comfortably squat, the tone of the landscape gets gayer, the long grasses wave with a certain attraction of being real estate, and occasionally a cow can be seen munching into them—a cow so cowed that you could imagine yourself in Holland. A row of pine trees vie with a row of eucalyptus, without, however, forming more than a line to the sketch, the crossroads glance sandy, and all along by the street car, with no termination, a narrow asphalt strings a little glar-



ingly as though defiant of anything which suggested country.

### STILL IS DECEPTIVE.

By and by it becomes triumphant, for dwellings thicken from scattered ranches to clusters, indisputable village propinquity and numbers. But Richmond keeps fooling you even at that—Richmond, which has a city area exceeding 25 square miles, and has muchly-populated sections separated by much real estate.

Having reached Pullman Park, the only one of its kind and its company west of Chicago, you fancy that you are about on the heart-beat of Richmond town. But it is merely the pulse of its wrist you have felt, though turning a corner into a flock of places comprised of hotels, real estate offices and dwellings adds extremely to your inveiglement. Then a field of wheat appears green and luxuriant and you turn another corner and the same village thing happens: then you go on and on through open spaces till you begin to think that Richmond proper, if there is any, must have gone to the sea for the day to enjoy the salt air.

But you arrive at last, and the conductor does not have to inform you, because there is a bank on a corner and a straight line of stores for blocks has been telling you—and cross streets, and people, and dogs, and automobiles, and children glad and clean and mused of all ages and degrees.

### DRUG STORES YELLOW.

In California all drug stores seem to like to be painted yellow. The drug store in Richmond, diagonal from the bank, is that hue, and there is a newspaper a few doors down from it whose sign is a crescent. The remarkable thing about the drug store is that it gives credit and gives it graciously. I heard this happen to a lady while I stood there. And the remarkable thing about the newspaper is that it comes out every day, continues to come out every day. With respect to newspapers, people do not appreciate this sufficiently. I went around to the office of another newspaper, the News, which also appears every day, and found the finest courtesy and the information that the city hall could be reached only by a jitney; that it was at least 20 blocks away, so that even the postman would deliver only within seven of it. It seems that some one had donated a

site. I was not so much moved to become acquainted with it, and went over to see Mr. Chas. J. Crary instead, who is vice-president of Richmond's First National Bank.

He is short and firm, gray-eyed and bald, and has a picture of his father above his desk. He knows almost every inhabitant of the city, and he will tell you that nearly everyone has a bank account and that a Savings System for school children has been established just recently. Moreover, the children are making good use of it, for their deposits already total about \$300. Also the banks in Richmond lend money to build homes—that is, they make a business of lending for this purpose.

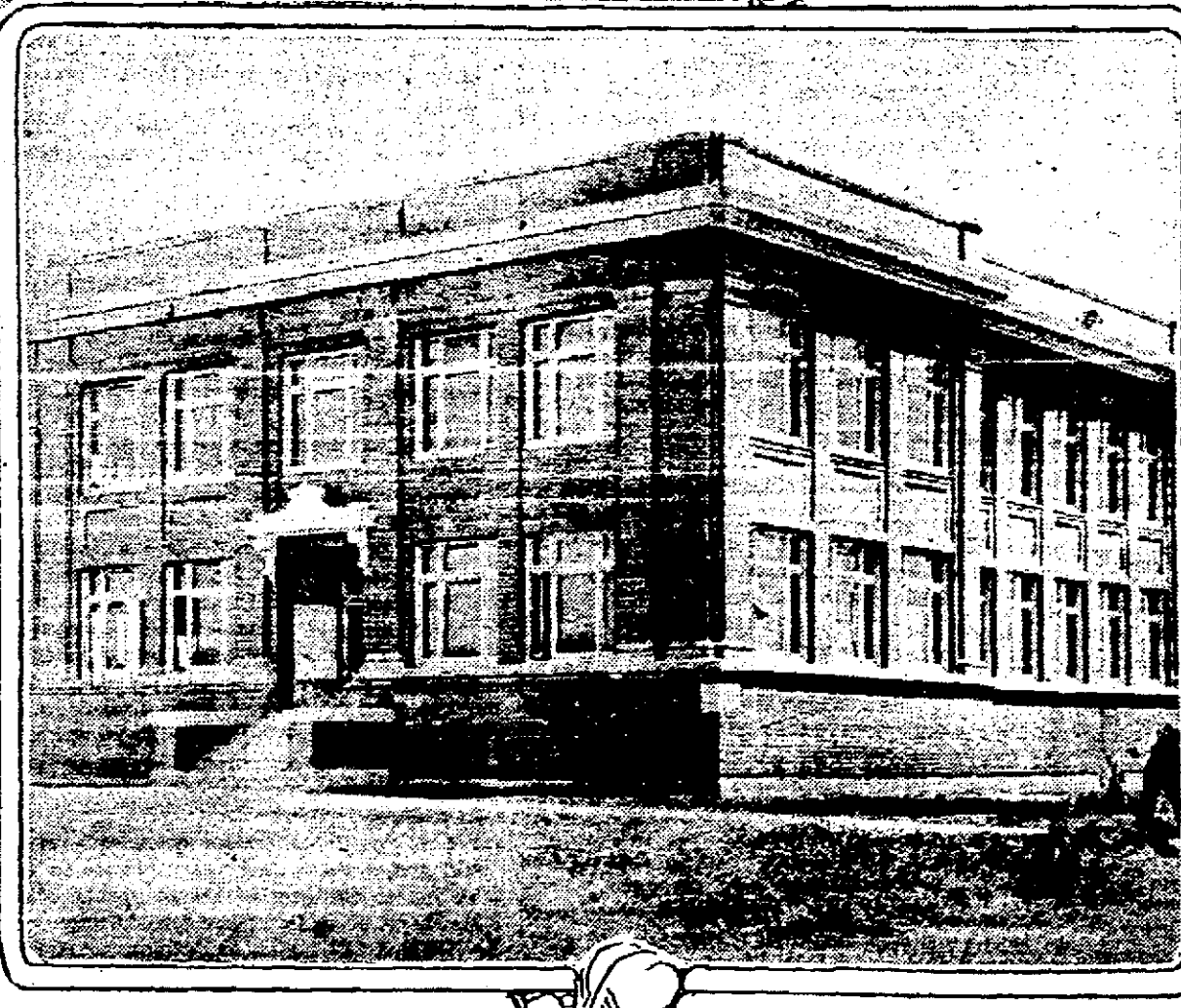
### OFFICIALS WORKMEN.

Over at the newspaper office I had already been made to understand that every important official of the city (in this instance "higher-up" would be inappropriate) was either an employee of the Standard Oil, the Santa Fe, the Pullman shops or some other concern. In fine, he worked for a living and was under salary.

Now, Mr. Crary repeated this statement and assured me that outside of a few very human mistakes, the city governments comprised of these men had made good—had, indeed, brought Richmond up to its present nick of prosperity, which was rather phenomenal considering the times. And then Mr. Crary went on to cite figures. The Standard Oil deposits for payroll monthly was \$150,000, the Pullman shops \$40,000, and the Santa Fe (these being their main shops on the coast and Point Richmond their terminal), \$25,000. This is what he called "the pulse of the payroll," and the "pulse rarely ever grew slower than this, he informed me, but at times increased to the point of hemorrhage. By way of evidence, the huge winery owned by the California Wine Association, the very greatest of its kind in the state, had not yet commenced its season's work. Quite a number of men, of course, were always at work there, but the stuff that stood in the way of prohibition had not begun its late summer flow.

### WAS "CUT UP."

It was for many reasons that had nothing to do with its youth that the city was some 25 miles square. Ambition alone was reason good enough,



The Standard Oil Refinery, One of Richmond's Greatest Industrial Factors (Above). View of a Principal Business District (Middle), and (Below) Richmond's New City Hall.

In spite of the fact that Richmond looked cut up, comprised of different settlements and vacant spaces between, nevertheless, everything was subdivided except some hills to the dim west and two tracts owned by different men of the same mind.

At any rate, the city was well connected. Some cities, paved mostly with good intentions, might copy from it with advantage. Money running toward \$2,000,000 had been spent in street improvements within only the past six years. Richmond was between 12 and 14 years old. Point Richmond was a few years its senior. But it was all Richmond now, and jealousies were being forgotten. Point Richmond was a calling place for deep-sea vessels, and so was a highly important part of the city, its harbor mouth feeding from all the world. Richmond was distinguished by one very remarkable feature—nearly every man owned his own home here. Lots could be bought

from \$600 up, and it was a peculiarity of these people that they understood the importance of being their own landlords. Maybe, I would like to buy a lot if I had not yet settled down? I would go a long way before I could do so well. Growing up with the town was to grow fast. Every man had a chance to be himself in Richmond. The mayor before the one presiding at present was a butcher and the one before him was a pipefitter and had proved quite skillful.

The deathrate is low in Richmond, the climate fogless. The city was full of schools and there was a county line school besides. There were so many children that it had been sometimes necessary to put tents out while they built more schools or made additions. In nine schools, including one high, there was an attendance of over 2500 pupils. They expected to keep right on building schoolhouses, too. It was a live

## What Big Factories, Big Men and Big Money Have Made a City

schoolboard with ideas of its own. The children were taught stuff worth while and not loaded up with useless subjects affording no practical benefit. And Mr. Crary, who seemed to know everything about the city, proceeded with the details, more or less.

When my queries began to eye the mahogany-beamed ceiling, the idea struck me that I might perhaps be

window. They were pleasing sights, for I had lived so long in San Francisco that I had quite forgotten what babies looked like. I was on my way to see Bill Luce, responsible for Richmond's baseball entertainment, and I found Bill good-natured, busy and still good looking, with some of his hair lost in the shuffle.

It didn't take Bill long to tell me about baseball. It never does take long to tell about a good thing. He and a friend took out the records. Last year Richmond had played thirty-seven games, had lost seven and tied two. Petaluma had got to them four times. This year so far thirteen games had been played and they had been defeated but once. Petaluma had done that, too. No town was in such a position to crow as Petaluma. At this point Bill looked as though he would like to go back to work.

### ONLY FEW TREES.

I left him and walked on down the street and to get in touch with the youth of the town I sought the brown cosiness of a confectionery and ice cream parlor, where they served English tea and a young lady wore a string of large, yellow beads quite fetchingly beneath dark hair and blue eyes. It is fine to drink tea and look out a window—if you can with yellow beads shining so inside. There was a washing in evidence down a side street. It was one of a hundred such I had already seen in Richmond, so no one needed to assure me of the cleanliness of the city. Even the birds seemed glad about it, for they all sang as kept asinging, which in Richmond is rather difficult, for the city has not yet many trees.

The Richmond Club, composed of representative women, and also men, I believe, are taking up this matter of more trees and flowers. However, how can one expect a child to have mustaches? But since the club has put up a \$10,000 clubhouse there can be no doubt of their ability to make Richmond look like an Eden.

But the young lady with the yellow beads is answering my questions about the parks. There was Grand Canyon Park, a rugged place with rocks, about 20 acres, with a rink, pavilion, hotel and quite a crowd on Sundays. It was just across Wild Creek and a little removed from San Pablo, the old Spanish town which was still San Pablo. And there was East Shore Park at the other side of the city with beautiful grounds and arranged to provide all sorts of entertainment—tennis, dancing, croquet, baseball. It was a place of flowers and paths and soft drinks and very enjoyable—a great many people went. Besides there was the park at First street, where the boys played baseball. Oh, yes, the young people of Richmond found lots of pleasure. There was a great crowd of them and they mostly all knew each other, which made it nice; and



# A STORY OF A THRIVING CITY



## Making Harbor for Fleets of World

sometimes they went to Oakland, and sometimes also to San Francisco, but they could have as good a time right here in Richmond as anywhere.

### THE SAME SIGN.

Suddenly I found myself uncomfortable. My gaze out the window—when I turned it that way—had so far to do only with the washing. Now I discovered that I had been followed by the same sign of cocoa, which had been pursuing me all over the city. Wherever I turned, down whatever side street or main street, there was that advertisement in bold white letters. I knew it was good cocoa, but I wanted to get away from it, and there it was a short distance from the washing. I paid my check and left the confectionary place hurriedly and walked up and down and across all over and along the three principal parallel streets that are lines of fortune in the Richmond palm.

Perhaps there is no better way of portraying any city than portraying its street and the color of its streets. For instance, I liked the idea of the vacant lots between places. Across such lots always ran diagonally a well-beaten path, and except for that the grass grew rank on them, and very often a cow contentedly ate of it. Some family milkcow, it must have been undoubtedly, and a family milkcow has a right to serve as a trademark of prosperity more than any other animal or inanimate thing of our acquaintance. A family milkcow suggests mush for breakfast and children, and milkmaids a la Maud Muller, and fresh butter and everything that goes with a real home.

Several times I came upon a church with green windows, and I always liked it for appearing so quietly religious. Most of the churches in Richmond, and there are an unusual number of them, have about them this air and fascination, suggesting the peace, seclusion and the happiness of faith.

### RICHMOND'S COLORS.

Gray, white and yellow, with now and then blues and drabs and an occasional black are the colors of Richmond. Apparently it has a desire to appear homelike and substantial as possible, preferring inside things to a gaudy exterior. The campaign for flowers and more trees is beginning to color the back streets somewhat. But this is natural and approved decoration. Just as a Carnegie library has come to be considered so, and Richmond has one of these which cost about \$18,000. The schools meet you face to face everywhere—fine structures—and you marvel momentarily at the few hotels the city possesses. But why hotels with practically everyone living at home. The only Richmonds who do not live in Richmond are the ones earning so much money that they belong socially to larger centers, and society has become the strongest drag of existence.

It is also true that Richmond real estate dealers do not all reside in Richmond all of the time. However, some of them live in Oakland and San Francisco. It is Richmond's way of treating the rest of the country. The Industrial Commission, which has taken the place of the last Chamber of Commerce, has a publicity office in the Hearst building in San Francisco ably managed and ever active. Richmond requires this for Richmond is only at the beginning, and it has lots in which the world should be interested. Accept this as a pun or not as you please. And in its beginning Richmond has provided for its future. Its streets are wide and it

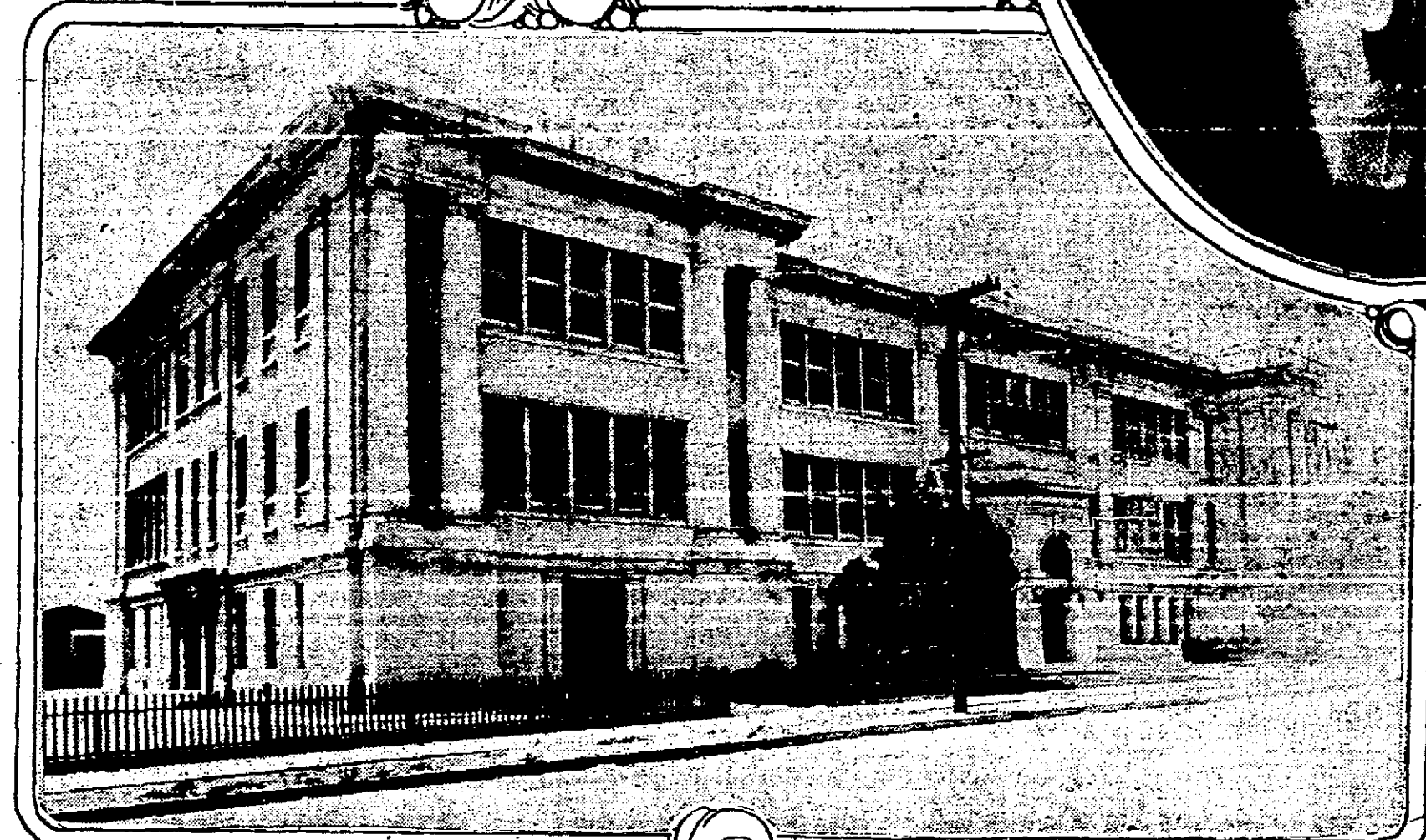


is laid out to be a big city. Quite a number of its stores are constructed with showwindows, the regular metropolitan effect, where you walk in and walk out and there is power of display. Add to all this a few other things and you will have Richmond at a glance. The most modern police and fire department around the bay; on the main street a policeman or two in blue uniform, gladly spectacular and acquainted; bootblack stands prepared to brush; barber on the sidewalk waiting for the whistles to blow (no one has time for him before 5 o'clock); banks glorious at the ends of choruses of buildings; streetcar lines and railroads cutting all important parts; many brick buildings adding to the city's substantiality; big garage in the heart of it, with a strong gasoline breath; blacksmith shops with children looking in the doorway; a real estate office presenting a dirt map of offerings with the cows and the chickens and the songs of the robins all there; a store where they dispense music and flowers (it was left to Richmond to think of this); another store that makes a living selling wallpaper alone (perhaps the only one of its kind in existence); a bowling alley, poolrooms; architecture a little plain; somebody in a house on a side street practicing

"When You Wore a Tulp and I Wore a Rose"; and expression on the faces of all babies as if brightly conscious of owning the town; a popcorn boy with a pleasant tenor voice and a little girl having an ice cream while she views the lithographs at a picture house (there is audience for more of these in Richmond); more jitneys, but not any if you are waiting for one; dazzling jewelry stores of engagement and wedding ring prosperity; newsboys as competitive as to be found anywhere; furniture on easy payments; a general fondness for billboard and building advertising; a bankrupt stock sale a la San Francisco; an Irish hodgepodge on his way to Maggie (an obsolete type becoming scarce in the West); a little after 5 and the cars all black with men returning home from the day's work; a woman at her door with some meat for dinner; streets running flat into evening and flat country; 23 children on one corner playing (actual count and exceedingly difficult); boys and baseball before supper and after; bands tooting up somewhere and everywhere (plenty of bands, handsome bandmen); a jitney at last and the breeze in one's face, and Richmond passing behind and Point Richmond ahead.

### THE POINT.

It is a bit of a ride with a couple of bends in it, and Point Richmond is a condensed bit of town with the hills around it and a breath of a fog if you reach there in the evening, and the tall stacks of the Standard Oil



Views of Hustling Richmond, Top—A View of the Pullman Car Shops, Middle—Washington School, and Below—Lincoln School. Extreme Right—Mayor W. J. Garrard, Chief Executive of the City.

close by—a perfect crowd of stacks with black smoke coming from all of them, great columns of it over galvanized roofs—the second largest refinery of its kind in the world.

Up north of here and south of here along the rounding line of the coast in full advantage of facile shipping are many other important manufacturing and industries; and there is also a new ferry line direct to San Francisco. Immense rock quarries employ hundreds of men, and brickyards become more numerous every year. Sites all about will be quickly occupied by other manufacturing plants of various descriptions. The California Wine Association is in touch with the coast at Molate Point. Near the winery are large Italian boarding houses, where many of the Italian employees board. Others go back and forth to homes in Point Richmond. The Standard Oil Company has their own pier. The Santa Fe shops were passed on the road coming. All through the Richmond left behind and the coast strip gathering about Point Richmond are plants of more or less importance, and others are on the way and Richmond has room for them. The only porcelain factory west of Chicago is to be found here; and a match com-

pany and a cap company and a couple of steel companies.

The Southern Pacific owns Brook's Island and a mole run out there, it is said, would be in line with the plans

of the deep-water harbor. The sun never sets on the prospects of this region.

Point Richmond itself is backed into the hills and is possessed of a

certain to-be-remembered atmosphere. It has picturesque views and flowers and a foreign element, and its streets run up inclines and down inclines precipitately, and are never



## Children's City As Well as Men's

straight, not for anything, so that you would accuse it of an artistic temperament, and you know it has pretty girls, for they go bareheaded in the dusk.

It was at Point Richmond that I met The Man Who Is Going to Run for Mayor. "You see, I can be elected all right," he stated, "because I have a personal speaking acquaintance with this population to the city of Oakland. You need not tell them my name; they will know when I arrive." He pointed to the stacks of the Standard Oil. "Those people," he emphasized, "at least in this district, have come nearer solving the labor problem than any other corporation of my knowledge. So far as their independence is concerned, they are not union, yet every one of their employees is ready to swear by them. It is a piece of psychological dovetailing worthy of national attention."

## SWITZERLAND: ISLAND OF PEACE IN WAR OCEAN

Italy's in. And so Switzerland, about whose navy we have so long made parlor jokes, is, really at last, an island—an island of peace in an ocean of war.

"Stand in the Bundesplatz in Berne," writes William G. Shepherd, "before the great chamber of deputies with its black-lettered title, 'Confœderation Helvétique' and look to the north. Fifty miles ahead of you there is war; a hundred and fifty miles on your right there is war—the new Italian war; a hundred miles behind you lies war-burdened Italy; and fifty miles away on your left is France. Not one single path of peace leads to Switzerland.

"President Motta, of Switzerland, is of Italian extraction. Just as President Wilson, of the United States, comes of English stock. Just for fear he might be suspected of leaning toward Italy, he won't speak publicly, even about neutrality. Suppose he was asked, for instance, to tell newspaper readers in the United States how to be neutral; to give them Switzerland's recipe for staying on

the fence. He couldn't do it, because it would appear as if he were advising the United States not to help the allies. Wherefore he keeps silence.

"And so does all the rest of Switzerland, for that matter. At the beginning of the war there was argument galore; now there's none.

"Switzerland first, last, and all the time, and let the others fight it out," say the Swiss. German Swiss keep their heads closed; French Swiss do the same; so do the Italian Swiss.

AMERICANS NEUTRAL. "Americans here, of the balanced sort, are dead neutral.

"Both sides want us to come in," they say. They don't want to see us grow strong, day by day, while they are being weakened by the war, and both sides would fight with easier minds if they knew that the United States was also pouring out its strength on the battlefield. They don't like the idea of one strong nation remaining, after the war is over."

"That's the way the American in Switzerland talks. He sees the blessing of neutrality and he thinks he knows what he's talking about. "We talk about dignity," said one level-headed American to me. "Who has any dignity when a bunch of mad dogs are fighting in his neighborhood? A sensible man gets out of their way."

"It's so funny to me to hear Americans talk about how this war should or should not be fought. They might as well blame a mad dog for biting a man on the throat instead of on the heel, or for sinking his fangs in a woman instead of in a man. There's no logic or reason about what a mad dog does. "Switzerland's army is splendid. It is as large as General French's English army in France, and it is as well prepared for war as any army in Europe. "At one corner of Switzerland the French and German frontiers meet; the Swiss have heavy forces there, and they'll either fight or disarm all comers. At another corner Italian and Austrian borders come together, and here again the Swiss have heavy guns, embankments, and large forces. Italy, France, Germany, or Austria-Hungary, it will be all the same to Switzerland.

WILL INTERN ARMIES. "It's not improbable that a broken army or two, stranded on the sea of war that surrounds Switzerland, will be washed onto the shores of Peace Island before the war is over. They'll find the Swiss ready for them, and they'll also discover that no soldier of any army who comes into Switzerland will be permitted to leave it before the war is over. "The great crime in Switzerland is not to realize how mad both sides are. It's only by this realization that Switzerland has stayed out of the war and it's by this same realization that some other neutral nations we know of may keep out of the big killing.



# LOVE ALL! Says Beauty

Would You Have Grace and  
a Healthy Body, Clear  
Eyes and a Glowing  
Complexion? Play  
Tennis! It is the  
Best of Beauty.  
...Games...



By  
*Lillian Russell*

**A** perfect exercise for the benefit and development of every muscle in the body I would recommend tennis. It renders the eye quick and precise. It cultivates agility and grace and keeps the figure lithe and limber. Four sets of tennis played every day for six days will give one more exercise than hours of golf, walking or swimming.

Care should be exercised in dressing properly for the game. A very soft corset should be worn to allow for bending freely. I always wear a sweater, usually one that comes up closely around the throat and with long sleeves. I find that garment conducive to freer perspiration, which is one of the essentials to healthy exercise. The skirt should be ten inches from the ground and full enough to enable the full stretch of limbs. Rubber-soled low shoes are best, for the ankle should be free, not bound by a tightly laced boot. If your tennis court is in the shade, by all means wear no hat. But if the court is open and exposed to the rays of the hot sun, wear a very light weight soft hat that shades the face by turning down all around.

The profuse perspiration that is caused by the game of tennis is most beneficial, for it brings out all impurities of the blood and skin. Care should be taken to cool off properly before taking the inevitable bath. Avoid drafts. Find some corner away from windows and doors. Throw a light wrap over your shoulders until you cool off. Do not drink a quantity of cool water. If you want to reduce your flesh sip two cups of hot water. If you are as thin as you desire to be sip a cup of cold water while cooling off.

I enjoy tennis more than any other form of exercise for the reason that it gives me more real work and brings out more perspiration in half an hour than I can find in any other form of exercise in an hour and a half. A good partner and a couple of good opponents, or in singles one good opponent, will give a zest to the game that exhilarates more than the body. The mind is at a keen tension. Quickness, alertness and meriment are fully tested. The arms become round and firm; the step becomes elastic and light; the ankles become slim and strong, and the waistline may be reduced inches in but a few weeks of good tennis playing.

I would caution regularity in the exercise. Overindulgence in such a violent exercise does not do good, but harm. Start with a couple of sets the first day. You will be tired enough. If it is the first game of the season. Then three sets the second day to play out the soreness of the arms and legs. Continue three sets a day for a week. Then you will be in condition to play four or six sets every day after that without soreness or fatigue. In fact, you will be in such a condition of health and muscle that you will be equal to any form of exercise without feeling the discomforts of soreness.

By a thoroughly good game of tennis, lasting an hour to an hour and a half, you can reduce from one and a half to two and a half pounds each game. Naturally a pound will be taken on after the bath and by the water you drink, but if you keep only a half-pound to the good each day you will readily see that you can keep your figure at just the weight you desire.

I cannot recommend any form of exercise so beneficial for reducing or conditioning in a short time as lawn tennis.

There is nothing better than tennis to make a young girl strong and lithe. Tennis is essentially a game for young people. Played with four it is not too violent. It cannot be played in middle age unless one joins in youth. It has just the proper amount of variety, activity and endurance to suit hundreds of women and girls to whom some exercises would be too mild and others too severe. It teaches a girl to handle her body easily under all conditions.

The ability to play a good game contributes to her happiness. The benefits to her health are manifold. Her lungs are

cleared of used air. Her blood tingles through her veins. Her complexion improves because her digestion improves. Her eyes brighten and lose the listlessness caused by late hours and dancing. It brings a more stalwart physique and a more vigorous type of womanhood. Flabby muscles usually mean flabby thinking, superficiality and inefficiency. Good, wholesome exercise out of doors makes for character; really it does.

The anaemic, fox-trotting miss is pale because she is hungering for fresh air. She is jumpy because her growing muscles need exercise and activity. Place her with a crowd of girls who like athletics and she will change in a flash.

Next to knowing what to eat when you are hungry it is necessary to know how to play.

When mother was a girl and went on a vacation she would get up at 4 in the morning and go fishing and then finish up with a swim. When she couldn't get a laundress she rolled up her clothes and did the washing. She had blood and muscle and appe-

tite. She enjoyed physical activity, romping and play, climbing and tramping.

The girl who overlooks the advantages of a good game of tennis is wasting and scattering her heritage of health.

## Lillian Russell's Beauty Answers

**LAVINIA E.**—The ointment for red nose is made from one dram of powdered sulphur, two and one-half drams of powdered starch, one and one-half ounces of ointment of zinc oxide, three drops of oil of rose. Mix well. Apply at bedtime.

**ANNE**—Dyeing the hair is a difficult process which should only be intrusted to expert hands. Unless it is absolutely necessary I would not advise you to try it, as the work must be repeated constantly to keep well. The formula for hair curling fluid is one ounce of powdered borax, thirty

grains of gum arabic, six drams of spirits of camphor, sixteen ounces of warm water. Dissolve solids in warm water and when cool add the camphor. Wet the hair with this and do up on kid curlers or arrange in flat waves or ringlets and pin with an invisible hairpin.

**MARGARET**—Gather your curls together at the back of the neck and tie with a dainty ribbon. Simplicity is the most attractive thing about the young girl. Have your graduation costume designed on the simplest lines possible. It will be much more becoming than an elaborate dress.

**G.**—If the water is hard soften it with a lavender lotion made of four ounces of alcohol, one-half ounce of ammonia and one dram of oil of lavender.

**HARRIET**—Soap jelly is a most effective shampoo. Shave a small cake of best white castile soap into a pint of boiling water and let stand until thick, add a tea-spoonful of glycerin and a few drops

of your favorite perfume; the glycerin is softening and healing to the scalp. The hair must be wet enough so the "jelly" will adhere, then by rubbing until a thick lather forms the whole head and scalp will be thoroughly cleansed before using the abundance of warm water always necessary for rinsing. After a careful rinsing with the warm water continue with water which is gradually cooled until quite cold.

**DORIS T.**—No one but an experienced cosmetic mixer should try to make a complexion powder. Its secret is in constant mixing, which can only be done in a fully equipped laboratory. Here is a good formula, however:

Two ounces each of zinc oxide and precipitated chalk, seven ounces rice powder, one ounce each of talcum and orris root, suggestion of powdered carmine, two drops of oil of rose. Sift through bolting cloth. Suggestion. To make a velvet powder a special sifter is necessary; it is safer to get this already compounded.

**MARY T.**—Your hair needs a good tonic and frequent brushing. I have sent you the directions for scalp massage. White vaseline applied to the finger nails will make them grow.

**GRACIA**—Frequent bathing is an absolute essential if one suffers from excessive perspiration. Take a bath every day in a tub of warm water to which has been added enough tincture of benzoin to make it creamy. After your dip dust the body with this powder: Two and a half drams of camphor, four ounces of orris root, sixteen ounces of starch, reduced to a fine powder. Bathe your eyes with diluted witch-hazel.

**MARJORIE**—Young girls of your age should not powder, and their skin as a rule does not require any beauty preparations. I would not think of reducing, as your weight is just about the right one for your height.

**DELLA S.**—The directions for scalp massage are much too lengthy to print. Send me a stamped envelope and they will be forwarded to you.

**MRS. MARIE T.**—You should place yourself under the care of a reputable physician at once. Nervous ailments such as you describe require medical attention.

**MRS. L. E. S.**—Leave the cold cream on all night, but don't apply it until the skin has been washed thoroughly with warm water, a pure soap and a complexion brush. In the morning bathe the face with cold water and rub a little cream thoroughly into the pores before putting on the powder.





# Midsummer Country Frocks Short, Smart and Simple



Just of simple white net, but made elaborate by corded shirtings and by tiny ruffled net frills with picot edges and corded tops. Organdie hat with white flowers and leaves.

From David Porter & Co.  
Photo Joel Feller.

By BLANCHE G. MERRITT.

It is curious how fashions reduce themselves to simple lines and gay colors the moment it is a question of seashore and country frocks. Nature supplies an entirely different sort of background coloring than do the city street and home. Green under foot, green and blue over head, the stretch of green or blue ocean beyond the golden or silver sands—all seem to call for white or primary colors. Like red and yellow, in feminine costumes.

Red is a fine color for beach cloths; yellow looks especially well in the country; white has a cool freshness and is becoming even to sunburned faces.

This season cretonne, in all the beauty and variety of its modern designs and coloring, is having a special popular success. All sorts of summer clothes are made of it. If not wholly fashioned from this flowered cotton, collars, cuffs and other sartorial decorations of it are used to give snap and jauntiness to the plain colored linen and cotton frocks and suits.

The cretonne hats are made up just as those of velvet or satin would be—that is to say, over a frame and in the same sailor and mushroom shapes that are found in the up to date straw models. Cretonne coats are either shaped like suit coats and worn with a white or colored linen gored skirt or are loose, blazer-like shapes, belted or sashed like the up to date ones of glove silk. Cretonne is seldom used for white dresses; it is much more effective as a trimming adornment of white and colored linen or heavy cotton one-piece frocks that serve for all round country wear.

Parasols are cretonne covered; old frames may be used for this and the coat or hat matched. Little jumper dresses for children, composed of a skirt with the slender bretelle straps over the shoulders and with a mushroom hat to match, are extremely fetching.

The shortness of the daytime frocks goes well with out of town dress styles. White nets are used to make the more elaborate dresses, and really marvels of prettiness are designed with contrasting net, a bit of embroidery or fluffy ruffles that often half cover the skirt and corsage. Flirt or embroidered nets are frequently combined with plain net, and a bright colored satin, taffeta or faille sash has the color repeated in the stockings.

Last year sunshades were rather simple and had a contrasting band or scalloped border about the outside edge. This summer all the smart sunshades, whether of silk, linen or chiffon, seem to be covered with rows of ruffles, unless they are simple rain and sun parasols. The edges of the ruffles are often scalloped and also picot edged, which gives them a very fluffy appearance. There is a new parasol, said to be for coaching, that is very short and has a very thick stick part. It swings from the

## EFFECT OF WARS ON FASHIONS

It has frequently been noticed that a subtle influence is exercised on the social side of life by wars between different nations and revolutions among people of the same nation. In looking back on the past history of fashions, how often has this been the

case? Take, for instance, the Napoleonic, Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars. Dress became especially feminine, with flounces, frills and such like bravery, as, indeed, is the case to-day.

But in the early days of the French Empire immediately following the Revolution, all feminine weaknesses, if so they can be called, disappeared from fashion's record. The laws of decorum and proportion

were violated in dress as in everything else. Our fashions are now particularly womanly and attractive. The summer days will witness the revival of the old world fabrics in dress, the organdie and muslins of our grandmothers and the silken flounces and frills of our grandparents. In millinery, too, we see a revival of the Leghorn, with "drooping feathers" and perky flowers, all flavor of past glories.



Cretonne coats for country wear are fashioned on suit coat lines as well as on blazer models. This coat, with its jaunty touches of black velvet, is worn with a short white linen skirt. The Panama sailor is the correct height and banded with black checked ribbon. The white boots have black buttons.

From Clara Ross. Photo Joel Feller.



White net flouncing with an embroidered border is sewn together to make a skirt; from under the embroidery a frill of black net peeps forth. Waist, revers and cuffs are bordered in the same manner. A wide girde of satin is closed in front by two flat satin boxes; two narrow black velvet ribbons fall over the girde, weighted with a flower cluster. High white kid boots. White satin hat with tulle brim and veil-ruffle.

From James McCreary & Co.  
Photo Madison Camera Co.



The collar on the white linen smock matches the cretonne hat. With the white linen skirt, white lace stockings, would anything be more picturesque to wear in one's garden?

From Franklin Simon & Co.  
Photo Joel Feller.

A little rolling brim of white hemp makes a fitting frame for the striking Poirot silk crown with its artistic long silk tassel.

From J. M. Galt & Co.  
Photo Joel Feller.



A hat with a green straw brim and a gay green and white silk crepe crown goes well with the odd-shaped green silk parasol.

From Clara Ross.  
Photo Joel Feller.

For practical purposes (and we are very practical this season) the combination of silk and cloth or voiles and silks, and a variety of such like alliances, will prove both smart and useful.

A simple costume showing the combination of a thin gray face cloth and voile was seen the other day. The pleated skirt was admirably carried out in gray voile, the pleats being held in place by a

wide panel of cloth in front, parroting as it reached the hem. A strap of the cloth also went round the skirt. The little corset was of gray cloth, with a black kid belt and four silver buckle and buttons; tiny buttons also adorned the plain tight sleeves. The collar was lined with white acrophane. The small hat worn with the costume was of black straw, trimmed with white wings.



# EBBE IT DOES TAKE MORE THAN A DAY TO BECOME A REGULAR TROOPER

Admits  
ONEY  
FRED  
SWEET

*Twenty-four Hours  
Out at Fort Sheridan  
Among the Old  
Timers Who Have  
Been "Over on the  
Islands" and "Down  
on the Border."*

**M**Y KNEES tremble now when I think of how that West Point officer called me down. Private Riley and I were on our way over to the rifle range when it happened. I had not been in my olive drab uniform long and my mind was so taken up with thoughts of what a swell regular army soldier I was making that the West Point officer, riding past us on a bicycle, wholly escaped my notice. Then I heard the West Point officer—well, as John McCormack warbles on the phonograph record—"I Heard Him Calling Me." He had dismounted from his bicycle, that tall West Point officer had, and he hypnotized me into walking right back to where he was waiting.

"Where was your salute?" he asked.  
"I didn't think about it," I stammered.  
"Well, you want to be thinking," he came back. "Go on, let's see you salute."  
I made an amateurish attempt.

"The other hand," he interrupted. "Say, what troop are you from?"

Dang it, I hated to bring disgrace on Troop B the very first thing, but there wasn't any stalling with that guy wearing leather leggings. There's a stamp about those West Point men that lets you know right away they're boss.

"How long you been here?" he wanted to know.

"Just since yesterday," I answered, and I couldn't help the tears creeping into my voice.

"Well, maybe you don't know any better than," finished the lieutenant or captain or whatever he was, "but you see that you wise up."

## Gets the Red Flag.

"My God," breathed Private Riley, when I got back to where he was waiting. "Don't you know you're in the regular army? I see you in the guard house before night. It's a fine reputation you're going to help give Troop B of the Fifth United States Cavalry."

"Aw, don't," I pleaded. "I'm strong for Troop B. They're a fine bunch. If I see another of those fellows coming with leggings on, I'll walk clear out around him. I won't be in the guard house by night. By tonight I'll be onto all this stuff. I've an idea it don't take long to make a trooper out of a man."

We reached the range from whence had come the "pop! pop!" and the "whang! whang!" of the rifles. It was all very interesting until, at the close of my shooting at 500 yards, the markers down by the targets viciously waved red flags. The red flags, so I was informed, meant "there's nothing on the target; no telling where the bullet went." But when Sergeant Byington, or Private Golskiewicz, or Private Quinlan, or Private Cancellieri shot, the markers held up paddles that stood for "bullseye, bullseye, bullseye, bullseye."

"I don't know what your idea of 'getting on to being a trooper' is," remarked Private Riley. "But so far as being a marksman goes, well, I can guarantee you a nice black and blue spot on your shoulder tomorrow morning because of the way you held that gun."

"The sore spot was there all right next morning, but the morrow had not come yet and I was still contented in the belief that all that was needed in an army was plenty of men and uniforms and guns and ammunition."

## Night in B Barracks.

I can shut my eyes now and see the Fort Sheridan scenes drift before me in a jumble—the stretch of fields with the touch of June upon them, the long rows of red-roofed stone buildings, the brassy blaze of bugles, the rattle and lowering of the Stars and Stripes that began and ended the military day.

I am back at B barracks that first night. We are all in the recreation room—the recreation room with its walls decorated with army pennants and Remington paintings of the pioneer west and the portrait of Gen. Phil Sheridan. A pool game is going on between a couple of veterans in yellow striped and red banded, blue uniforms, who have seen service over "on the islands"; a red faced youth from West Virginia, who has just been transferred from Fort Sill, is grinding out a grand opera air on the piano.

They are all red faced—these Troop B boys who respond to an order with "Yes, sir," and "Very well, sir." The sunburn on their faces is not the vacation, peeling off kind. The out

doors all the time sunburn is on their faces in deep layers, as you see it on the face of a farmer. Forty-two of the eighty-eight members of Troop B are re-enlisted men. They are old timers. There is nothing of the ribbon counter clerk atmosphere about them. They walk heavily. They look as if they are muscled of iron. They talk with deep voices.

## Regular's Views of Militia.

I am sitting over in the corner reading a magazine and "Frenchy" Miller saunters up. "You're a new man here," says "Frenchy."

"Where you from?"

I felt the temptation to answer that I was

"from the coast artillery" or "just back from the border" or some such place, but on second thought I decided I couldn't get away with it, and I confessed to "Frenchy" that it was my first day in a uniform. I am glad that I didn't try to put anything over on "Frenchy" because I learned later that he had had over twenty years' service in the United States army. Back of that, he had served for six years in the army of France.

"I see," said "Frenchy." "you're one of the great untrained."

"I'll be onto it in a day or two," I says.

"A day or two—hell!" scoffed "Frenchy."

"Three years is none too soon for turning out a cavalry man."

"I don't know," I flared back. "There was a friend of mine in the militia—"

"The militia's fine so far as it goes," interrupted "Frenchy," "but it don't go far enough. The men in it don't get enough training. They ought to be a month in camp instead of a week, and they ought to be made to attend drills. What can you expert of a militia when a whole lot of employers won't let their men off to go to camp? Wasn't I down at Cuckooama in '08 and didn't I see how the militia worked out? Say, their medical corps was something pitiful. The volunteers wouldn't have needed to have died like flies from typhoid if they had known how to

take care of themselves. It's discipline and training and sanitation and physical fitness and ability to shoot that counts with an army. An undisciplined army! What is it? A mob!"

## Uniform Fails to Charm.

"Mebbe," I says to "Frenchy." "But why an army at all? Why not cut out all the war stuff?"

"My boy," he answered, "we're going to have war as long as the world goes round. We—"

But I caught no more of "Frenchy's" dissertation because the bunch had started to leave the barracks to go down to Highwood "for a time." The "time" in this instance consisted in attending the village's moving picture show. I was eager enough to make the trip with the bunch because I had never been in army uniform before and I had the impression that Uncle Sam's soldier boys always made a hit with the ladies. At the movie, however, the young lady sitting next to me drew her skirts away in scorn as I came to sit beside her. A moment later I heard her rave over a feminine looking photograph hero who appeared on the screen. Sergeant Frone, sitting on the other side of me, caught the expression of scorn on the young lady's face.

"They're that way now," he commented. "But say, in '08 they were begging for buttons of our uniforms."

"It's just as well that a movie was the only attraction to hold us in Highwood, for 5

o'clock in the morning and a bugle call came all too soon for me. I heard the bugle call, yawned and started to turn over and go to sleep again, but a trooper with an accent that he had brought from Atlanta, Georgia, informed me that reveille had just sounded.

"I don't care for the reveille," I answered with another yawn.

Blag!

When you're in the regular army and hear reveille, you want to get up—that's all.

But "Boots and Saddles" found me ready and alert. Ah, that was the bugle call I had been waiting for! Out in the corral with those prancing black horses from the western plains it was worth while taking interest. "Jeb" Stuart was my mount and he was some old trooper. He seemed to think he knew about what to do and where to go better than I did. He sure was stubborn, but I felt I was getting onto the preliminaries in pretty good shape. Then the West Point lieutenant, riding gracefully, along beside us newcomers, shouted a sudden command. Old "Jeb" dismounted entirely with the way I tried to handle the reins. There was a clamping of hoofs and swishing of tails and along we came "dressing to the center." That is, the rest of the half dozen other raw recruits "dressed to the center."

## Old Jeb Charges the Fence.

We weren't riding with saddles and in order to stick on I had to dig my heels into "Jeb's" ribs. Unfortunately, for many years past, the digging of heels into "Jeb's" ribs had been a signal for him to pick up speed. I quit altogether in trying to "dress to the center." All the equestrian tricks I possessed were concentrated in trying to keep myself from bouncing off "Jeb's" back. "Jeb" was breaking the speed limit straight for the corral fence. The harder he flew the deeper I dug my heels into his ribs. My elbows were no longer at the regulation angle; they were flopping up and down. If I could have heard the advice of the West Point lieutenant I would have taken my heels out of "Jeb's" ribs, but there was too much of a clatter and I was too excited to pay any attention to what he was yelling. I don't think I would have loosened my heels anyhow, if "Jeb" hadn't finally broken into a jerky trot. I loosened my heels then. I loosened every hold I had. I was in the midst of calling "Jeb" the hottest cuss word I knew when I took a bizzar bounce than usual, and—

Well—declining hospital treatment—I was sitting over on the barracks veranda, grateful that my bones were all whole even though there was an ache in every one of them (they are still aching) when Troop B—red faced, hard muscled, cavalry wise—clattered noisily up the steps.

It was "Frenchy" Miller's grin that irritated me most. I made up my mind that before he got close to me I would shut him off by putting in a word first.

"But in case of battle 'Frenchy,' I would have been an expert," I remonstrated. "That was just 'dress to the center' stuff. If we'd been charging and I'd had a saddle and a sabre you'd have found me fit."

"About as fit as the average man without training," agreed "Frenchy." "In case of battle, depending on a bunch like you, the Lord help us."

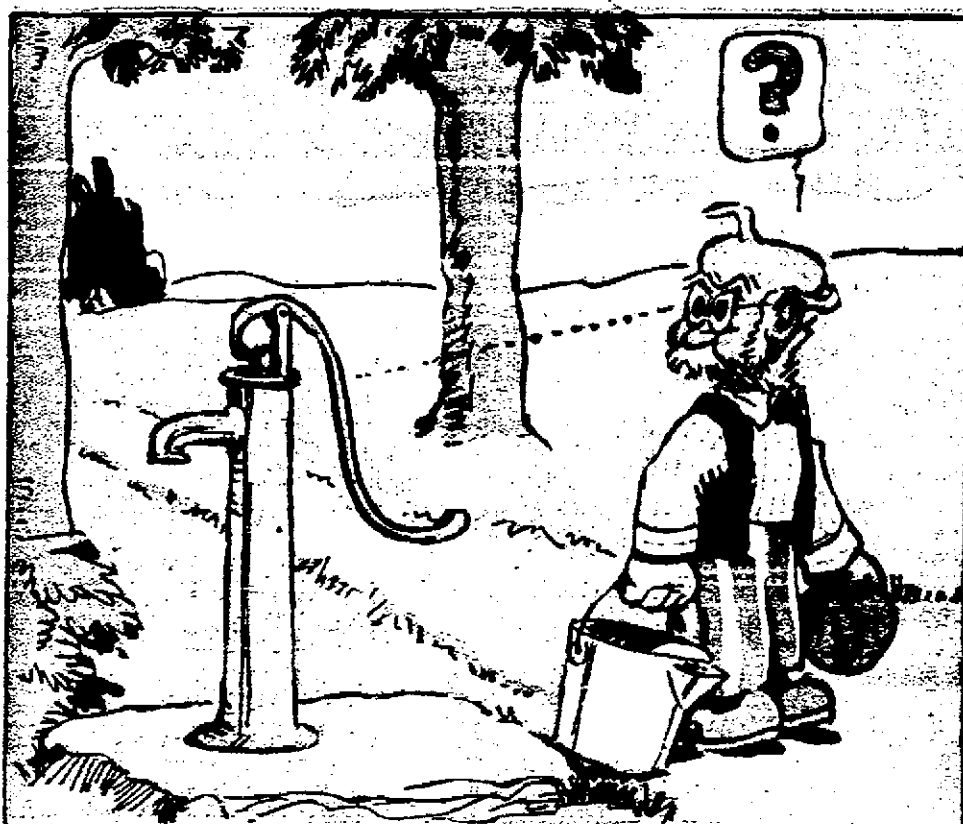
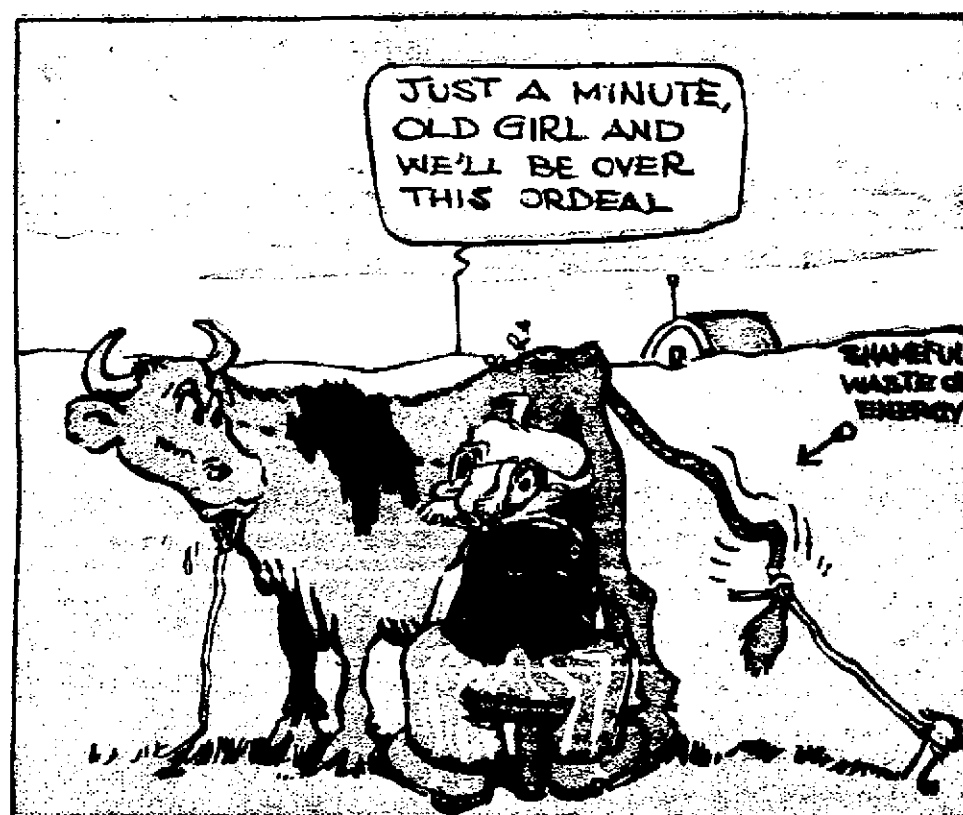
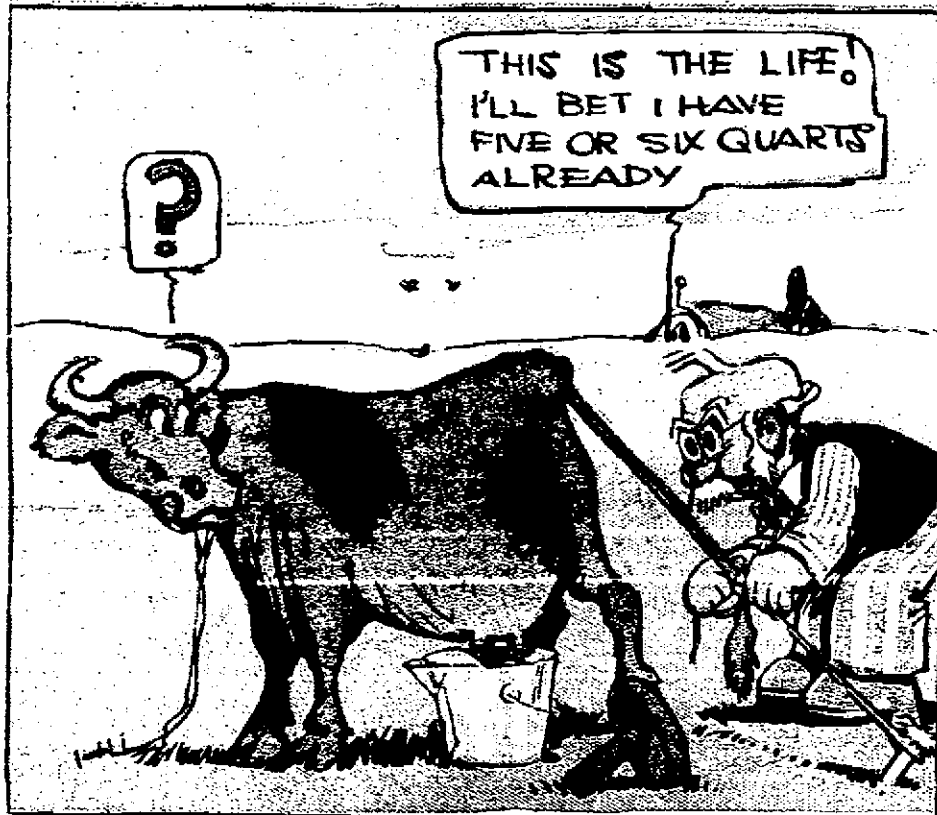
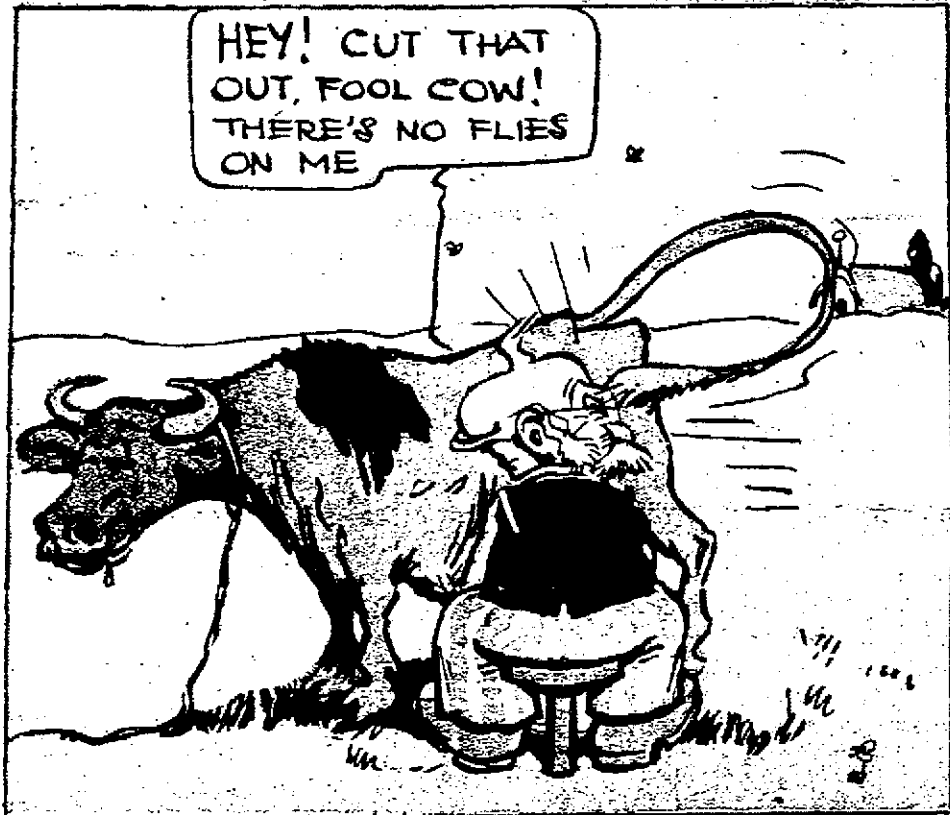
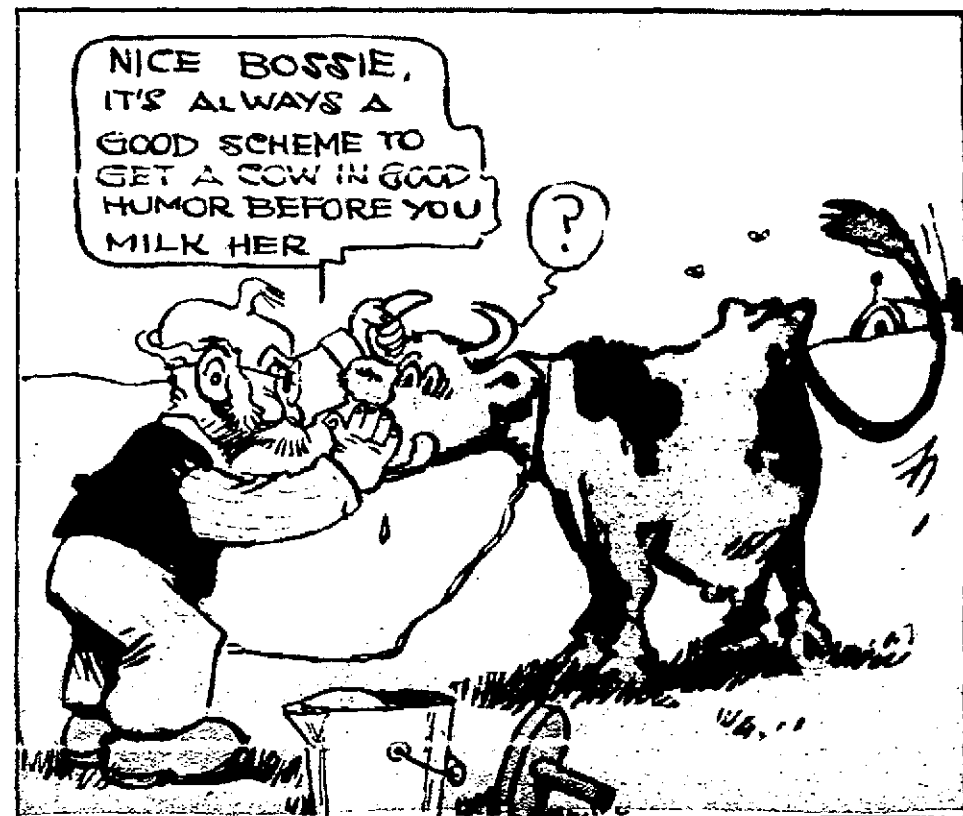




# COMIC SECTION

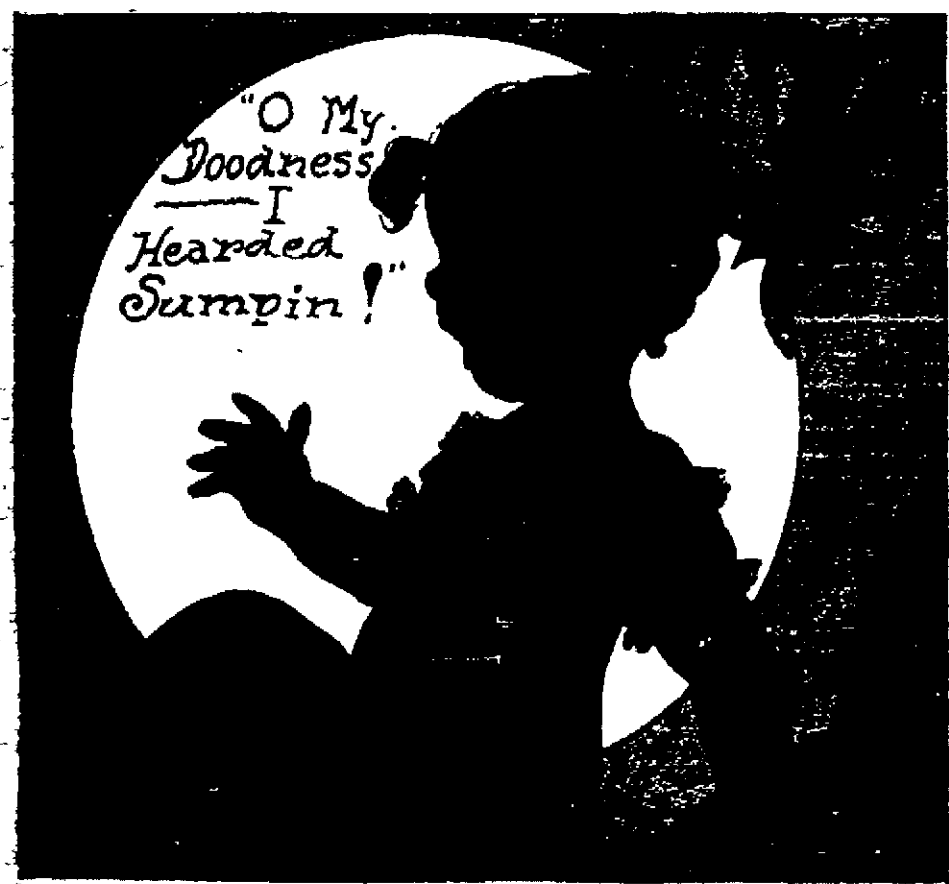
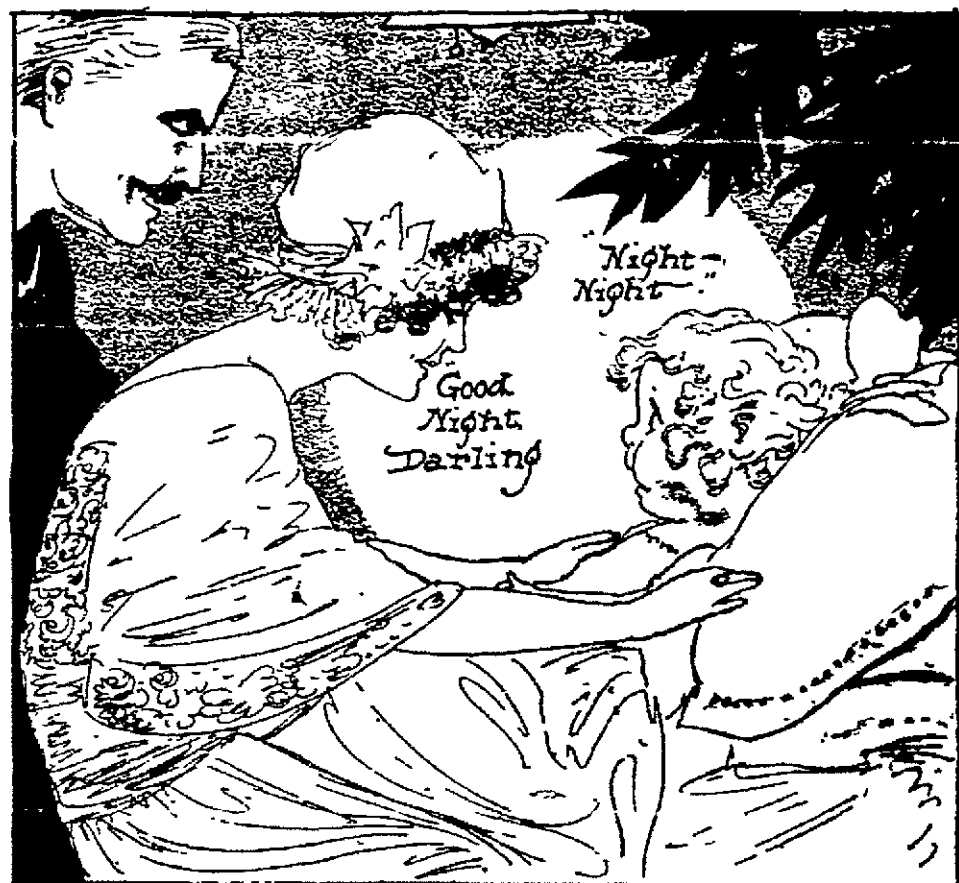
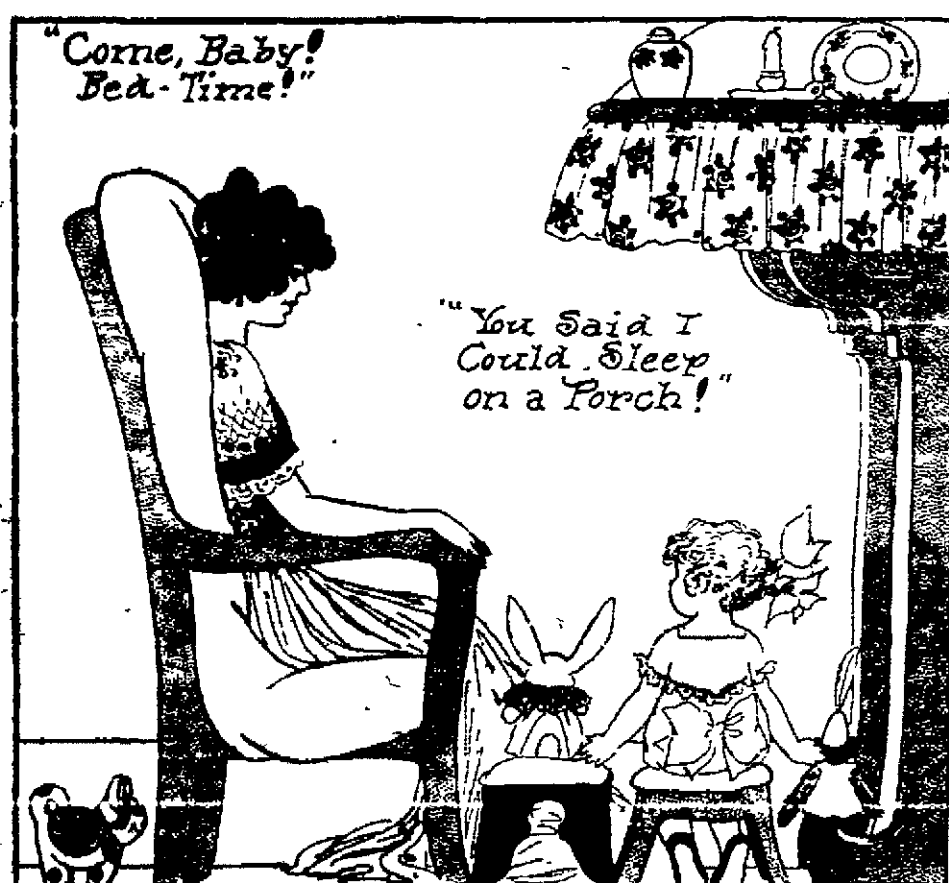
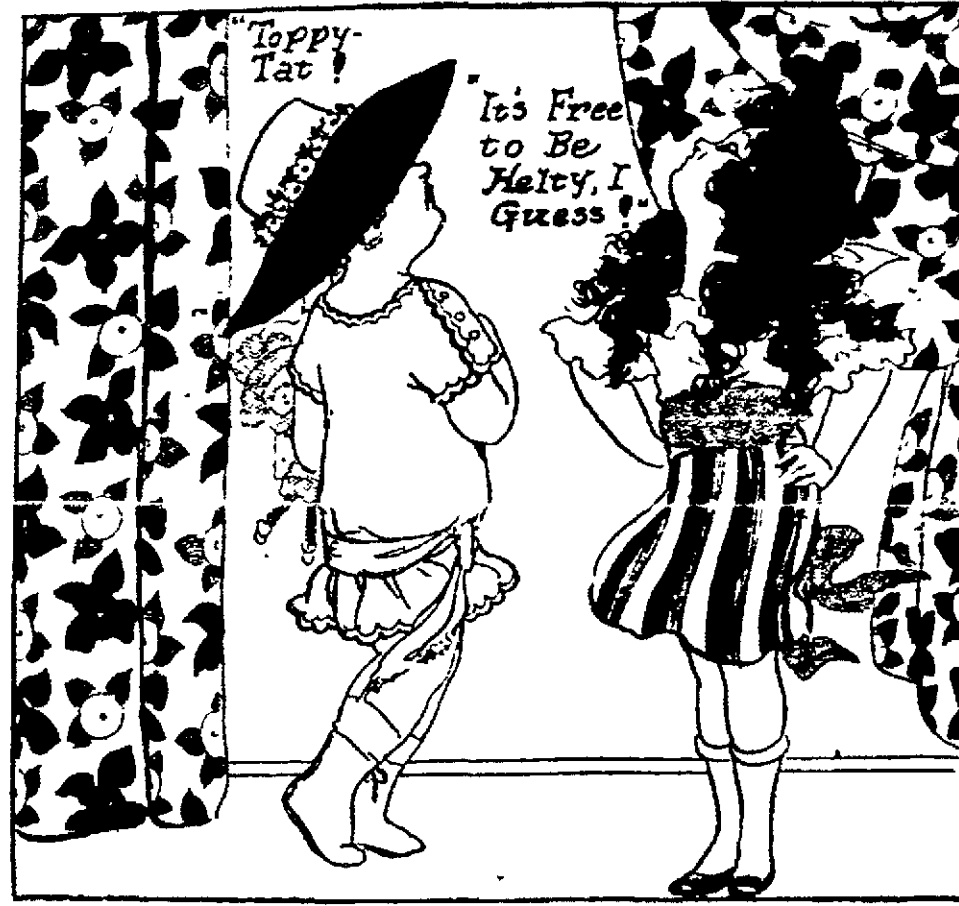
Oakland Tribune

SUNDAY, JULY 18, 1915





# MAMMA'S ANGEL CHILD

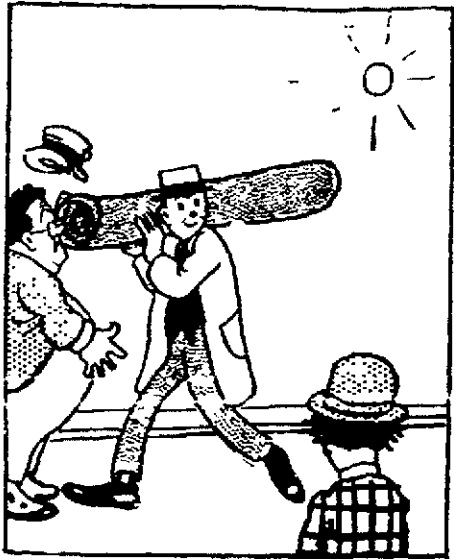






# The Story of My Life By CHARLEY CHAPLIN

Final Installment—In Which Charley's Hopes of Romantic Acting Are Crushed and He Becomes a Movie Comedian



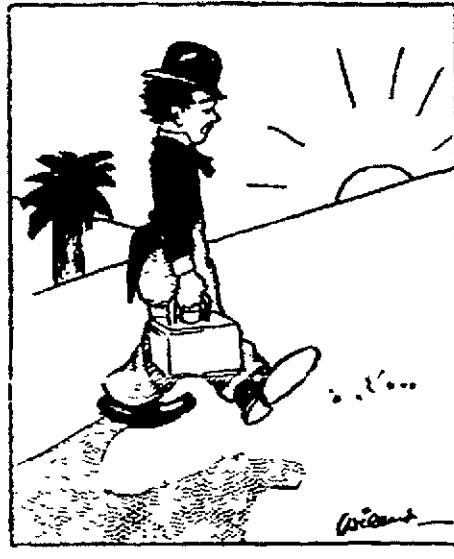
I Was Always Observing Real People in Real Life Everywhere.



Charley Was No Longer a Comedian; He Was Now a Romantic Actor.



He Was a Swell and Fashionable "Drunk," This Chap I Portrayed.



I Reported for Work at an Uncertain Hour in the Morning.



I Loved the U. S. From the Moment I Stepped Off the Gangplank.



"Can You Fall Off a Stepladder?" He Demanded of Me.

## Says Chaplin of Pantomime—

Every one is a born pantomimist in his daily groove of work and pleasure. Every laborer who mixes a discussion of politics with shoveling and the interminable relighting of his pipe is a study in gesture. So is the shop clerk, the bus driver, the chauffeur, the traffic policeman, the millionaire and the beggar.

THE art of pantomime has held for me a rare fascination, even from my youngest days, when I could not define the meaning of the word.

The power to convey every thought locked in the mind by the telegraphy of gestures and facial expression was the one branch of the theater which held me rapt with ambition.

Being the son of an English theatrical family, dating for generations behind the footlights, I naturally had thorough and early schooling in "the silent drama" of the real stage. And as a child spectator I adored pantomime above everything else, especially the droll, wordless foolery of the big Drury Lane spectacles at Christmas-tide in London.

In spite of progress in both comic and romantic roles on the London stage, I now began paying the route of my ambition more directly toward the pantomime goal. While playing with William Gillette on his English tour in "Sherlock Holmes" and later with other important productions I kept this idea firmly in mind. And when I was not studying to perfect every detail in my role or reading to give breadth to my perception of human nature I was observing real people in real life.

When I confided my great ambition to my brothers of the stage they urged me to banish such ridiculous plans. I was a boy in spite of my early success, and they talked to me in fatherly fashion, telling me in their polite English fashion to "forget it."

But even the prospect of acting in moving pictures failed to frighten me. In vaudeville I found that it was easy to score the greatest hit by the use of bits of pantomime—simple in execution, but the result of thorough studies in human nature and the psychology of humor.

### About the Star Offering.

At last came an opportunity to play an "all-pantomime" role in the most famous of comedy organizations in England. It was Fred Karno's London Comedians, and they presented a repertory of comedies which were very much on the order of the later motion picture productions.

"A Night in an English Music Hall" was the star offering in their list. It was produced with a stage within a stage. That is, when the curtain arose the proscenium of a miniature stage was seen, with boxes on each side and a "pit." The "audience" was composed of typical characters found in any of the "alls, the lower and upper levels of humanity being seen in the boxes and on the benches beneath the stage.

When the music hall curtain arose a typical cheap vaudeville bill was caricatured. Comedians, dancers, acrobats and magicians gave ludicrous, fuddling exhibitions, and were in turn hooted off by the rowdy "audience." The performance inevitably broke up in a riot.

In "A Night in an English Music Hall" I was cast for the esthetic role of "the drunk." This was a part which might have been repugnant to one's finer sensibilities. But after I had studied its possibilities I saw the vast amount of genuine, uproarious fun that could be extracted from it. But what interested me most was that I could play it from beginning to end without uttering a syllable.

### Comes to United States.

So I became the "drunk," and at the first performance was rewarded with sufficient gales of laughter to reassure me that it was worth while as a step in my chosen vocation of brightening the lives of my fellow men.

The day came when the fame of the

Karno comedians reached the vaudeville shores of the United States. The big "act" was engaged for an American tour, and when I learned that I was to see the wonders of America—with salary and traveling expenses—I combined shouts of joy with the most violent of pantomimic gestures.

The American tour of "A Night in an English Music Hall" was the opportunity I seized to take a complete course in becoming an American. It is needless to repeat that I loved the United States, its customs, its life and its people from the moment I set foot on the gangplank at New York. I hitched my wagon to a Yankee star and determined that my whole future must be played on the Stars and Stripes circuit.

From the Karno comedians I drifted into musical comedy, but my experiences behind American footlights were uneventful in comparison to the surprising turn of events so soon to occur.

Up to this time, in spite of my studious application in the realm of pantomime, I had not heard the buzzing of the moving picture bee. I did not consider the idea of experimenting with the "movies" and therefore made no attempt to learn of the opportunities and emoluments in that young but growing field.

The key to a career in filmdom was turned unexpectedly. Without warning or even usual preliminaries I was offered a position as a photoplay actor at a salary which opened my eyes to the rewards in that once humble branch of theatricals.

The "movie" offer that I received provided that I jump immediately from New York to Los Angeles. I was to begin work there at once with a company of players under the direction of one of the best known motion picture concerns.

### Was Thoroughly Deceived.

Now, this is a curious fact concerning my sudden entrance into the world of the screen. I did not know that I was to be a comedian. I left New York for California under the flattering and delightful impression that in the "movies" I was to play romantic and serious roles. In long conversations with my new employers I had revealed that long pent-up ambition to delineate human life, its sorrows, its trials of soul and anguish of mind, as well as its joys, by means of intense pantomime.

From the "movie" magnates I thought I was receiving sympathy and encouragement. They did not smile, but looked profoundly encouraging when I told them I could play the ideal Romeo in a film production of "Romeo and Juliet." So I started West with my eyes on a horizon of serious dramatic achievement. I sighed with relief every time I thought that the days of rough-shod comedy, of funny tumbles and mock prize fights were nightmares of the past.

Charles Chaplin was no longer a comedian, so I thought. He was now a romantic actor, realizing the artistic ideals of his straggling youth.

On arriving at Los Angeles I reported for duty at the producing studios of the company with which I was under contract. The out-of-door surroundings, the sight of "interior" scenes open to the sky, the view of distant mountains and the breezy flashes of western life were all amazing to eyes accustomed only to the world behind the footlights and the confining brick walls of the New York and London stage.

I shall never forget my first day as a motion picture actor. I reported for work at an intolerably early hour—it was at least 9 a. m. As I stood in the awesome presence of the stage director my heart beat high and I was thrilled with curiosity



The Charley Chaplin Millions of Film Fans Know.

as to the type of romantic youth I was to had in the forthcoming film. Somehow I had an idea that it would be a drama of the Elizabethan period, and that I would

be called upon to wear doublet and hose and wield a rapier in behalf of my lady love.

The stage director's first words stunned me.

"Good morning," he said. "Can you fall off a stepladder?"

I fell back a few steps, open-mouthed.

Unbelieving, I asked him to repeat the question.

"I mean, can you do a funny sprawl off a stepladder without breaking your bones?" he demanded.

An hour later I was falling off the ladder—with frills and variations.

Instead of doublet and hose I was wearing a property man's trousers—he was about 200 pounds in weight—a tiny mustache, and I had ruffled my hair until it bristled like a Zulu's.

I was a "movie" comedian.

Disappointment was short-lived. Within a few days I had become completely absorbed in my new work. My former dreams, added to long study and training, gave me the foresight to see the tremendous possibilities there not only for my

own advancement but for chasing away a world of blues through the vast, globe-circling medium of motion pictures.

The thrills I felt when first I saw my own active image on the screen, the inspiration given by these invaluable chances for self-study and criticism, were mainly responsible for my progress in the realm of camera comedy.

Of the moderate success I have attained in the past I am justly proud. But I shall cease aiming, striving, hoping and, above all, studying real human nature as I see it on the streets and public places of every village and town.

Motion picture comedy, acknowledged to be the best brand of laughter tonic for human woes and ills, is still in its swaddling clothes.

Messrs. George K. Spoor and G. M. Anderson have opened for me a tremendous opportunity. I shall aim to make the future Essanay-Chaplin comedies as great an improvement over those you have already seen as are the comedies of the present over the "dickers" of five years ago.

## Jitney Jim Learns Why the Much Insulted Cop Hates Movies

By GENE MORGAN.

WHEN Jitney Jim tripped into the foyer of the Flytime Theater he was whistling cheerfully. Myrtle, the lovely box office girl, knew at once that he was bringing bad news.

"Good evening, apple of my eyes," quoth Jitney Jim, draping himself easily on the shelf of the ticket window. "There's something I wish you'd tell your boss for me. He won't be able to sleep or eat after he hears it. In fact, it will help him in many ways. It is this: The Flytime Theater has lost one of its very best customers."

"Are you going to quit comin' here?" asked Myrtle, with a shade of relief in her voice.

### You Can't Lose Jitney.

"Oh, no," he said. "I've got the habit and I can't find anything to take for it. This is a much better customer than I am, for he not only pays admission himself but he brings the whole family. The guy who is going to boycott your show shop is none less than Mack, the policeman."

"But what I want to say is that Mack is sore at the Flytime Theater. He is peered at all movies, for that matter. I tried to argue it out of him. I told him: 'Mack, you are prejudiced.' Then Mack said I had better smile when I called him such a name as that. He added that if I ever compared him to such an animal again he'd knock my block off."

"And what's turned Mister Mack against movie pictures?" Myrtle inquired.

"Reason enough," said Jitney Jim. "If you were a member of the police force, with manly courage and pride in your position and enough feet to fill a regulation shoe, maybe you'd be pretty hostile against the movies, too. Mack explained it to me in this way: Whenever he takes his family to the theater, what does he see? First, a three-reel drama, featuring Mary Trickford or Dorothy Dish or Francis X. Compah, but that part's all right. Then comes a solo number by an ulcerated tenor. Mack can't pluck him without a warrant, and the rules of the department prevent him from slinging his club."

"After which comes the comedy. And that is where Mack wants to shoot the screen full of holes and wreck the place. For what does he see in the comedy? A police force. Every comedy nowadays has to have a police force, a ragbag of comedy cops. Why this is I don't know. Whoever writes the comedies must have it in for the police, although I understand a good many of them are from the pen of that strictly law-abiding citizen, old Chief Kick-in-the-Face."

"And such policemen! They do not merely insult Mack and the rest of the force. They are a libel on the human race. First, you see, the interior of the police station. The force is always asleep. Whether they have been hitting the pipe the subtle does not say, but, anyhow, they look as if the bamboo stem is mightier than the club. The chief of police is the worst looking Jovie in the lot and he always with his feet on the desk."

"The telephone rings. The chief answers it, or at least he pretends he understands the language of human beings. Then he wakes up his force, or rather his apathy of uniformed apes. When they awaken, when they come to from peaceful slumber, all trace of intelligence departs from their faces. They are a lovely looking crowd. They wear uniforms which were originally cut out for the horse marines on Noah's ark. Their helmets are carved in and the hair grows gayly through the roof. But they are policemen, it is plain to see, for they wear badges as big as a stew pan or else young buzz-saws on their manly chests."

"When the chief gives the signal his brave men all stagger into line and then sally forth to make the arrest. When they are infants these movie cops learned how to walk from some correspondence school. They step all over themselves, and it looks as if they can't arrest anything except their own progress."

### Where They Make Good.

"But right there is where we are mistaken. When they are told to arrest a man they nab him, even if it takes eight or ten of them to do it. In the struggle they muss each other up terribly. Whenever they try to hit the prisoner they whang each other on the skull. The turnip mashing is dreadful."

"Finally they get their prisoner to the station. He is tried by the chief of police himself for picking pockets. The chief fines the prisoner ten bucks. 'But I only have \$6,' protests the pickpocket. 'Frisk him for the six, boys,' says the chief. Then turn him loose in the crowd and make him get the other four."

Myrtle gasped at such a state of morass in public office.

"Now, do you blame Mack, the real, regular, dyed-in-the-blue policeman, for being sore at the movies?" asked Jitney Jim. "His little kids used to think he was a hero. He was a bigger man than the President of the United States. But ever since they've been seeing these comedy cops Mack has to use the sole of his brogan to prove it."

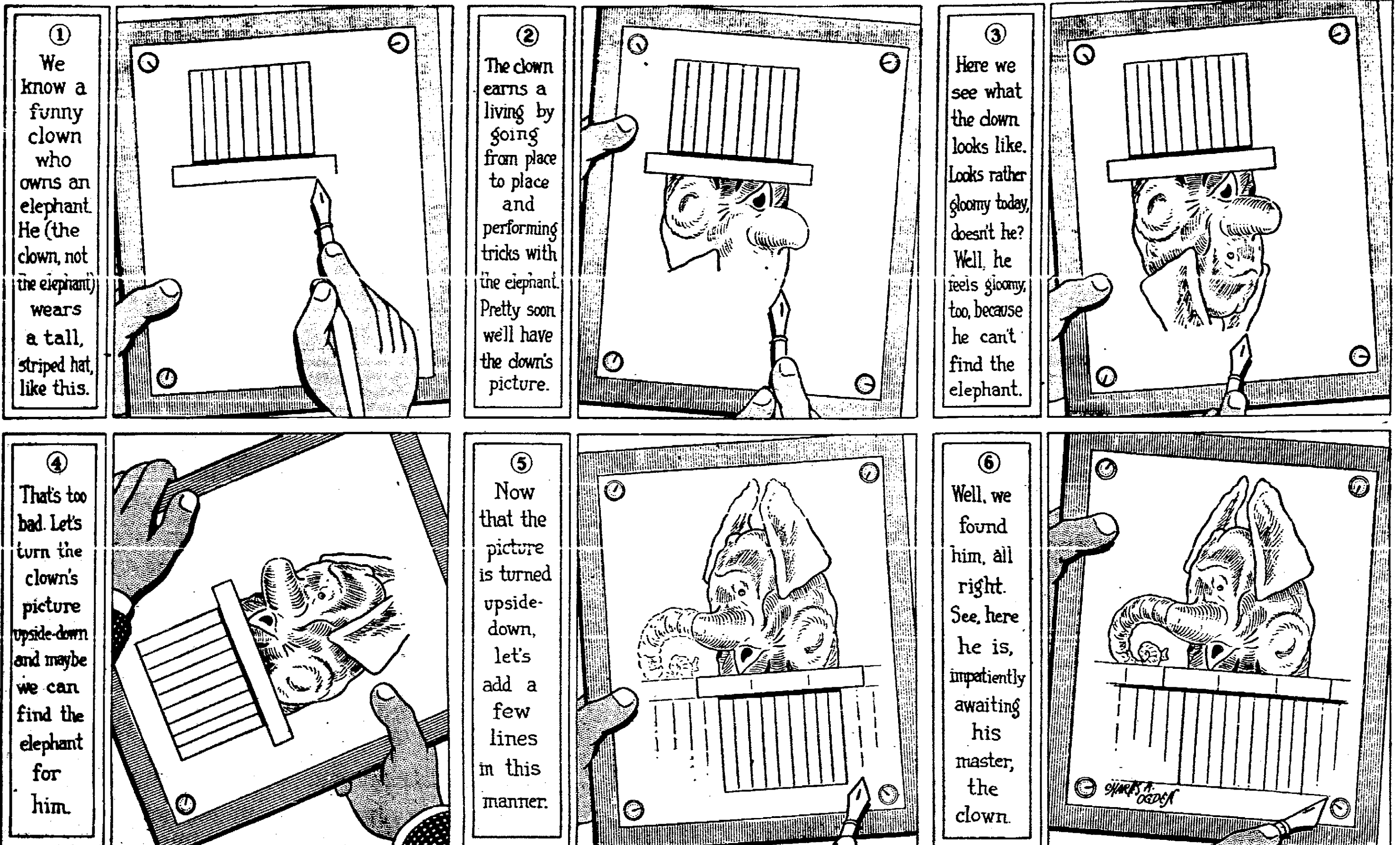


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# CARTOONAGRAMS

By CHARLES A. OGDEN

*Next Time You Lose an Elephant, Try This*



## The Story Lady.

DEAR MISS FAULKNER:  
I like your stories very much. Will you please tell me the story of "The Frog Prince and Faithful Henry"? Your friend,  
HARRIET INEZ SUMNER.

DEAR MISS FAULKNER:  
My sister reads the stories to me. I wish you would tell "The Frog Prince." Yours truly,  
JAMES LARIMER SMITH.

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.

ONCE upon a time long, long ago there lived a beautiful princess. Her hair was as golden as the sunshine and her eyes as blue as summer skies. She lived in a wonderful castle with her father, the king, and her mother, the queen, and she had everything in the world that she wanted, so she grew to be very selfish, indeed.

Near the castle was a large forest, and in the midst of the forest, under a linden tree, was a deep pool. One day when it was very warm the little princess went out into the woods and sat down by the cool water to rest. After a time she took her golden ball, which was her favorite plaything, and she began to toss it in the air and catch it. Suddenly it dropped from her hand and went splash! down into the water. The little princess looked down into the pool, but the water was so deep that she could not see the bottom, and her golden ball had disappeared. She sat down on the ground and cried and cried, and it seemed as though nothing could ever comfort her. Then she heard a voice call out: "Little princess, what is the matter? Your crown would move a stone to pity." The little princess looked all about, but she could see no one, and then she saw a big green frog come swimming up through the water.

"Oh, did you speak, old water paddler?"

she said. "I am crying because my golden ball has fallen into the water."

"I can get your pretty ball for you," said the frog. "What will you give me if I bring it back to you again?"

"Oh, whatever you wish, dear frog," she answered. "I will give you my necklace and jewels and even my golden crown."

"I do not want your jewels," said the frog. "What would I do with your golden crown? But I do want to be your playmate. If you will let me come to the castle and sit at the table with you and eat from your golden plate and sleep in your little bed I will dive down to the bottom of the pool and bring your golden ball to you."

"I will promise anything you ask if you will only bring back my ball," said the princess, but she thought, "What is that silly old frog chattering about? He must sit in the water and croak with other frogs. He cannot be the playmate of a human being."

As soon as the frog heard her promise he ducked his head under the water and disappeared. He went diving down to the bottom of the pond and soon he came back with the ball in his mouth and threw it on the grass. The princess was very happy when she saw her beautiful ball again. She picked it up and ran home with it.

"Wait! Wait!" croaked the frog. "I cannot run as fast as you can. Take me with you." But the princess would not wait for him. She ran home as fast as she could go and his croaking was all in vain.

The next day when the princess was sitting at the table with the king and his courtiers something came slipping and sliding up the steps of the castle. Soon a knock was heard at the door and a voice croaked out: "Little princess, please let me in." The princess went to the door, but when she saw the frog there she quickly closed the door again and went back to the table, for she was very frightened.

The king noticed how pale she looked and he said: "My child, why are you so afraid? One would think a giant was at the door waiting to carry you away. Who is there?"

"It is not a giant," said the princess, "but it is that ugly old frog."



She Lived in a Great Castle and Had Everything in the World She Wanted.

"Why, what can a frog want of you?" asked the king.

"Yesterday when I was playing with my

ball," said the princess, "it dropped from my hand and fell into the water. I cried and the frog said he would get it back for

## The Frog Prince.

me if I would let him come here to the castle and be my playmate. So I promised and he brought me my ball, but I never thought that he could get out of the water and come here. What shall I do?"

"A promise is a promise, my daughter, so go and let your playmate in," answered the king.

Just then they heard him knocking at the door again and he croaked out this song:

"Dear little princess, open for me, That I may come and live with thee. Forget not the promise you made so free By the pool 'neath the shade of the linden tree."

"Open the door," commanded the king, and the princess opened the door and in hopped the frog, keeping close to her feet until he reached her chair. Then he cried: "Lift me up beside you!" But the princess shook her head and did not want to do it, until the king said: "You must do as the frog wishes." So she picked the frog up and he jumped right onto the table and he said: "Now I will share your food and we will eat together from your golden plate." The frog had an excellent dinner, but the little princess could not swallow a morsel.

When the dinner was over the frog said: "I am very tired, princess. Carry me up to your bedroom and we will go to sleep in your silken bed."

Then the princess began to cry and she said: "I will not let you sleep in my bed." But the king spoke, very sternly: "You have no right to break your word and to despise one who has helped you in your time of need."

So she took the frog up with two fingers and carried him upstairs and put him down in the corner of the room. When she was in bed the frog came hopping up to her and said: "Lift me up in your bed. I am tired and want to go to sleep."

The princess was very angry and she took the frog up and threw him with all her might across the room. "You may sleep there, you ugly frog!" she screamed. When he fell down upon the floor he was no longer an ugly frog, but he was a handsome young prince and he looked up at her with beautiful, kind eyes. "You have set me free,

princess," he said. "For many years I have been under the spell of a wicked witch who turned me into a frog, and she said I could only be freed by one who let me in and shared their home with me. You have saved me, princess, and I thank you."

"Yes," said the princess, "but you know I did not share my home with you willingly. I only did so because my father told me that I must not break my word, so I do not deserve your thanks."

"Well," said the frog prince, "I shall be thankful to you all my life."

So the prince and the princess were playmates for many years, and the selfish princess grew to be unselfish as she shared everything with her prince. They were always so happy together and they loved each other so dearly that when they grew older the prince married the princess.

The day of their wedding a wonderful golden coach came into the courtyard. It was drawn by eight white horses with white ostrich plumes upon their heads, and it was driven by faithful Henry, the old servant of the young prince.

Faithful Henry was so heartbroken when he heard that his young master was turned into a frog that he put three iron bands around his heart lest it should break.

So the young king and his fair bride, the queen, drove home to their own castle with faithful Henry. When they had gone a little way the young king heard a snapping sound and he said, "What is that noise, Henry? Is our coach breaking?" and faithful Henry replied:

"Fear not; naught threatens my bonny young king."

The noise that you hear is a snap of a ring. That I bound 'round my heart till you should be free.

From the pool 'neath the shade of the old linden tree.

The sound was heard again and again, until all three of the iron bands were broken, for faithful Henry was so happy that his young master was free and was with him once more. And the young king and the young queen and faithful Henry all lived happily ever after.

(Retold from "Grimm's Fairy Tales.")



## ALLENDALE SETS NEW RECORD

**T**HE average attendance at Allendale was tripled on July 5, as parents and children alike participated in the sports of the day.

The program which began at 10 a. m. was varied and afforded opportunity for all to join in.

The first event was a baseball game between the girls unlimited and the boys' 85-pound teams. After five innings of big league ball the boys were returned winners, score 4-2. The pitching of Louise Hurley was the feature of the game.

The Athletics next took the diamond and defeated the Merchants' Delivery company of San Francisco by the lop-sided score of 15-1.

At 1:30 the following track events were run off and the winners were as follows:

Girls' events:

Basket-ball throw—Merle Gunter, 62 feet, 2 inches.

Baseball throw—Louise Hurley, 164 feet, 2 inches.

100-yard dash, unlimited girls—Louise Hurley, 15.2 seconds.

75-yard dash, girls 12 to 14 years—Alice Hilton, 8.2 seconds.

50-yard dash, girls 9 to 11 years—Helen Leround, 7 seconds.

50-yard dash, girls under 8—Helen Leround, 5.5 seconds.

Three-legged race—Alice Hilton and Helen Leround.

Feanut hunt—Dolores Putnam.

Fishing contest—Hazel Chase.

Tennis tournament, girls' singles—Myrtle Strong.

Boys' events:

100 yards, 115 pounds—Betten-court, 12.1-5 seconds.

75 yards, 70 pounds—Raymond de Bishop, 11.1-5 seconds.

Three-legged race, 70 pounds—Raymond de Bishop and Norman Griffin.

50 yards, 55 pounds—Glen Pool.

Three-legged race, 85 pounds—Charles Friel and Edmond Audett, 11.4-5 seconds.

75 yards, 85 pounds—Soren Nielson, 11.1-5 seconds.

High jump—Robert Foster, 4 feet, 8 inches.

100 yards, unlimited boys—Betten-court, 12 seconds.

Three-legged race, 50 yards—Col-lins and Nairne, 3.4-5 seconds.

Baseball throw for distance, unlimited—Hollinder, 98 yards.

Sack race, 70 pounds—Ernest Parker.

Sack race, 115 pounds—Clifford Monk.

Baseball throw, 70 pounds—Wil-lam Graham.

Baseball throw, 115 pounds—Sel-don Morley.

In addition there were many more events such as a wheelbarrow race, pony and rider race, married women's race, married men's race, fat women's race, a basket ball game, tennis, quoits, and handball ac-cruating a very complete athletic pro-gram.

At 5 o'clock a hotly contested bas-ket-ball game was held which was won by the Rubes who were pitted against the 'City Swells'.

By defeating J. Foster, in a straight sets, Wm. Noblitts won the boys' singles tennis championship of Allendale in the afternoon. Myrtle Strong won the same honor in the girls' singles.

The married men played a heroic game against the "unattached" at 3:30 p. m., but youth and vigor were too much for them and they were defeated 29-23.

## "CAVE HOUSE" FOR BOY BUILDERS

### New Pastime for Young Constructors

**E**VER build a cave house? In Oakland, where there are many hills in back yards, the boys have every opportunity. A little work—and some brush—that's about all that's needed for it.

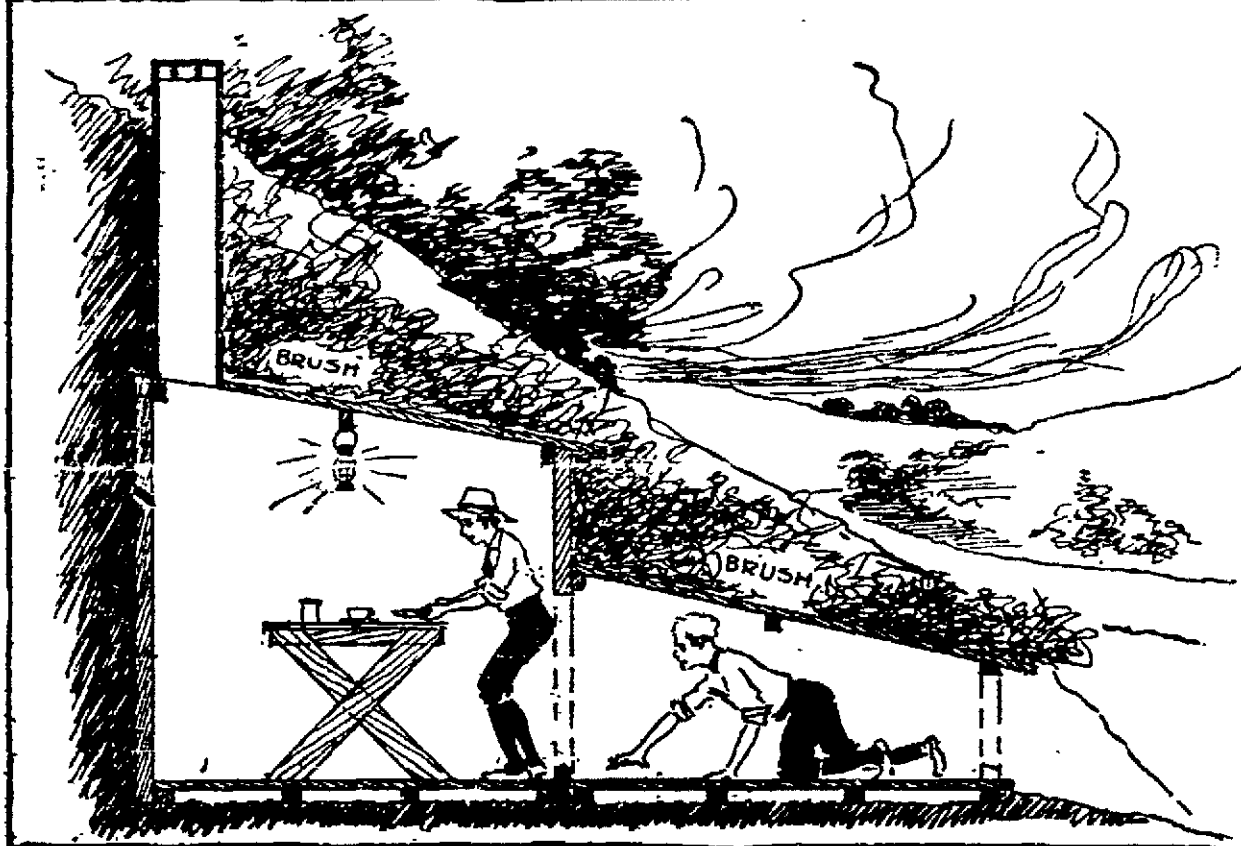
The hardest work will be digging out the foundation in the hillside, but if a number of you boys work together it will soon be accomplished. This picture shows the excavation in the side of the hill. You will see that it slants with the hill and this is necessary so that the water will drain from the eaves of the house.

Build your framework for the house with good strong planks, two inches thick and four inches wide and have your foundation posts put in very solidly, and in some places it may be essential to erect another post in the middle of the house.

The roof, floor and sides of the house must be carefully built, for in an underground house the dirt can easily sift through the cracks.

A long, low framework should be built as an underground passageway to the door and the door is just large enough for a boy to crawl through.

Now, as there can be no windows in this house you boys must be careful to build a good ventilator. Cut a square hole in the roof of the house and run up a vertical shaft, which should project at least a foot above the ground. Across the top nail small



The Completed Cave Clubhouse.

cross pieces of wood or a wire netting, as shown in the illustration.

Remember to fit your house with all the camp furniture that you will need as you build it, for you will not be able to put it in after the house is finished.

If this house is carefully constructed there will be no danger, but sometimes boys desire to be cave-men and make their excavations so carelessly that the banks cave in and accidents are numerous. Remember this, no house is ever of service unless the foundations are strong.

## FIGURES SHOW INCREASE

Striking increases in playground attendance and in playground work are shown in the new tables of the Playground department. Their figures on attendance as issued in the new table, are as follows:

Playground—	Total Attendance	Monthly Av. Attendance	No. of Months Open
Allendale	39,510	3,292	12
Alhambra	3,525	1,762	12
Bay View	68,650	5,720	12
Bella Vista	64,301	5,358	12
Bushrod	266,407	22,206	12
Clawson	10,994	6,487	12
De Fremery	105,502	8,791	12
Franklin	19,336	2,762	12
Garfield	32,276	4,455	12
Golden Gate	1,826	1,826	1
Melrose	40,308	3,359	12
Mosswood	208,254	17,354	12
Park Boulevard	42,330	3,610	12
Poplar	37,030	7,406	12
Prescott	4,255	4,255	1
Tompkins	43,066	3,588	12
Totals	978,569		

July 1, 1913 to June 30, 1915:

Playground—	Total Attendance	Monthly Av. Attendance	No. of Months Open
Municipal Boat House	79,079	7,907	10
Park Playgrounds—			
Bay View	106,542	8,887	12
Bell View	67,069	5,588	12
Bushrod	230,615	19,218	12
De Fremery	99,000	8,250	12
Golden Gate	43,929	7,321	12
Mosswood	186,875	15,573	12
Park Boulevard	40,753	3,396	12
Poplar Street	55,406	7,367	12
School Playgrounds No. 1—			
Allendale	49,044	4,087	12
Elmhurst	16,473	4,118	4
Emerson	12,225	4,056	3
Garfield	50,188	4,174	12
Hawthorne	23,762	4,712	5
Lockwood	29,806	4,475	5
Longfellow	18,279	2,665	5
Marjorie	42,633	3,552	12
Prescott	56,228	4,635	12
Tompkins	32,722	2,726	12
School Playgrounds No. 2—			
Claremont	5,242	780	8
Cole	11,373	1,421	8
Dewey	8,221	1,027	8
Durant	2,738	929	3
Franklin	11,119	1,389	8

Attendance Attendance Months Open

Total Monthly Av. No. of

Playground—

Fruitvale

Grant

Harrison

Highland

Jefferson

Lafayette

Lakeview

Laurel

Lazear

Lincoln

Manzanita

McChesney

McJannet Heights

Piedmont

Santa Fe

University

Totals

The increase in total attendance in the playground system in one year was 442,333 which is a really remarkable growth.

The starting of new playgrounds in the vicinity of the larger park playgrounds, such as Mosswood and Bushrod caused the attendance to fall off in these grounds, thus lessening the congestion which formerly existed there.

## PLAYGROUND NOTES

### Bella Vista

Bella Vista was gaily decorated with small flags and bunting on July 4, and presented a very gay appearance. A large crowd attended from the neighborhood and participated in the following program.

In the morning the Bella Vista Unlimited played the 115-pound team a game of baseball and the smaller team held their opponents to the close score of 6-3.

In the afternoon there were races and winners were returned as follows:

50 yards, 75 pounds—(1) Ernest Stewart; (2) Walter Reif; (3) William Nichols.

50 yards, 100 pounds—(1) Newhard; (2) Quirk.

Relay, 100 pounds—(1) Newhard; (2) Tapp; (3) Johnson.

Three-legged race—(1) John and Victor Stanley.

Relay, unlimited—Wilson, Schwertfeger, Newhard.

Girls' race, 50 yards, unlimited—(1) Bonnie Townsend; (2) Pearl Vincent.

To conclude the celebration, 24 small girls took part in a flag drill, which was very successfully done under the direction of Grace Ragland.

### Melrose

Standing of clubs in Melrose Twi-

light league:

Federals 4 1 300

All Stars 2 2 400

Outlaws 2 4 333

The Federals are leading the league at present, due to their ability to hit the ball on the nose.

The Outlaws, after winning the opening game from the All-Stars, dropped four games in a row but came back and broke the winning streak of the Feds, whom they defeated 5-1.

This league is composed of working boys, the games being played every night after 8 o'clock, at Melrose playground. Any of the boys or men in the neighborhood are invited to join.

There are several married men playing and they are more than holding their own with the bachelor members.

The best game of the league that has been played so far was the 9-0 tie which was played on Wednesday evening. Each side gathered but 2 hits. The game was featured by the pitching of Johnny Francis and Mario Rattazzi and an unassisted double play by Johnny Fraga.

Manager Rattazzi of the Outlaws was leading the league in hitting for the first week, with an average of .400, but has fallen down lately and leading honors are now with his team-mate, Roy Faveto.

Allan Gargadini is doing the receiving for the Feds and is holding the runners close to the bags.

Johnny Francis moved from first base to pitcher and is doing fine work on the mound.

Manager Pete Rattazzi of the All-Stars is the leading shortstop of the league.

Bill Holman drove one over the handball court for a home-run in the All-Star-Fed game.

Lester Douglas won the All-Star-Outlaw game in a spectacular way when he smashed a homer with the bases loaded.

The Melrose 70-pound team made it two straight when they defeated Allendale 13-12 and 26-25, although

it was close sailing on each occasion. Vinton Dutcher pitched both games and was hit hard, but hard hitting by Melrose saved him.

Melrose lost a tight game to Elmhurst, the game going 13 innings. Carl Pimentel deserved to win but loose fielding behind him lost the game.

The Melrose 130-pound team started the league season with an easy win over Allendale by the score of 16-2. The features were the pitching of Ray Faveto and the hitting of Ed Brennan who got a homer, two doubles, and two singles, out of six trips to the plate. Johnny Francis also hit a homer.

The Melrose team lined-up as follows: Ed Brennan, c.; Roy Faveto, p.; Brevias, 1b; Faunus Wright, 2b; Johnny Tait, ss; Mario Rattazzi, 3b; Bill Holman, 1b; Otto Schultz, cf; John Francis, rf.

The Melrose Unlimited defeated Allendale 14-5 at Melrose. The game was featured by the work of the infield, composed of Harry Morse, 3b; Bill Brennan, ss; "Fat" Wright, 2b, and Kenny Morse, 1b.

The Melrose 70-pound team lined up in the league as follows: Vinton Dutcher, c.; Carl Pimentel, p.; Ed Greenup, 1b; Richard Shoemaker, 2b; Charles Stultz, ss; Frank McBean, 3b; Elwood Dutcher, 1b; Albert Martin, lf; Joe Silva, rf.

FOURTH OF JULY AT MELROSE.

The Fourth of July celebration at Melrose consisted of a series of races and a ball-throwing contest.

The comedy of the day was furnished by a greased pole climb, which was won by Charles Stultz.

The winners of the races were:

60 pounds, 50 yards—Floyd Pellegrini.

70 pounds, 50 yards—Ed Greenup.

85 pounds, 50 yards—Elmer Gerry.

100 pounds, 50 yards—Jesse Silva.

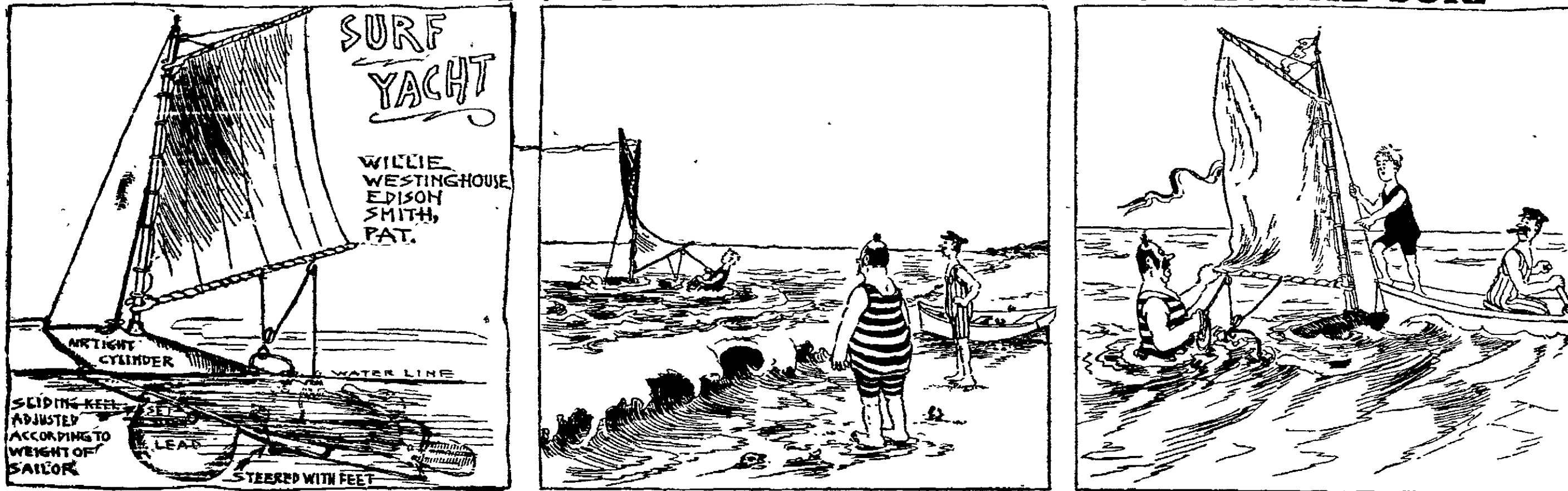
The baseball throw for distance was won by Ray Faveto, with Tony Alameda second, and Ed Brennan third.



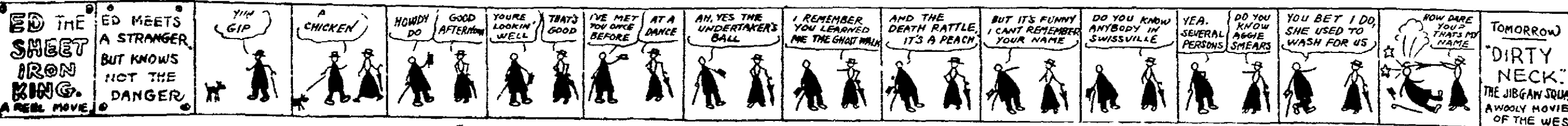
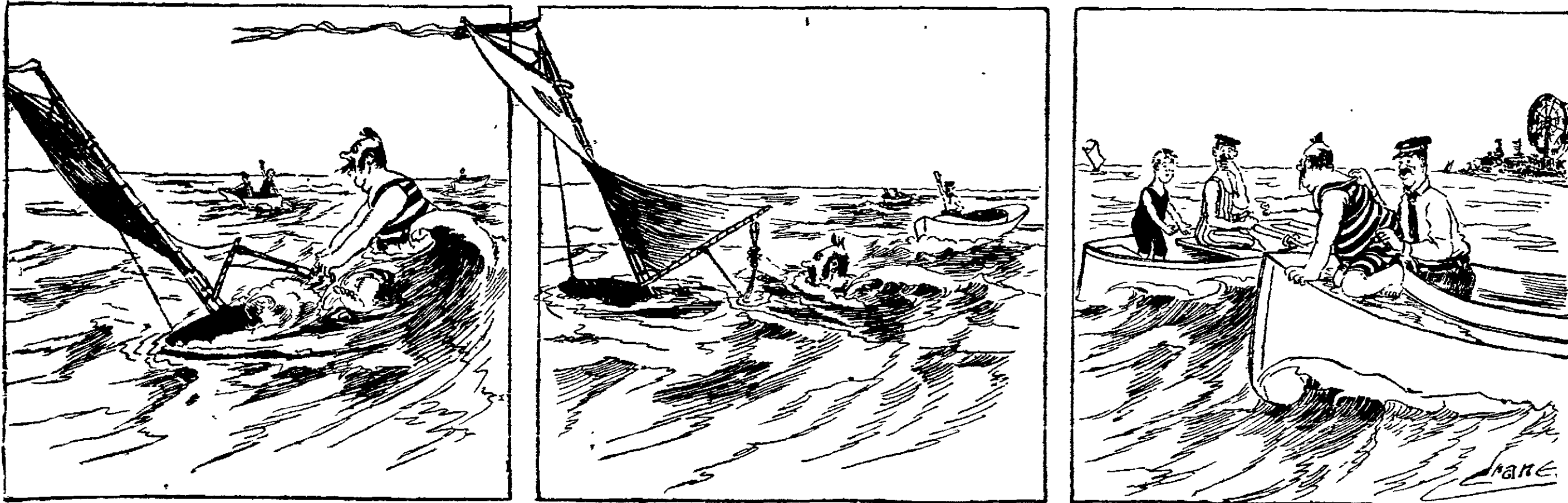
# JERRY MACJUNK—HE GETS A FEW TIPS ON SUMMER PICNICS



# WILLIE INVENTS A NEW SCHEME FOR HAVING FUN IN THE SURF



DEAR TOMMY: I made a boat like this and took it to the seashore last week. Of course, you wear a bathing suit when sailing it. I had a lot of fun in the surf, and then papa tried it. There wasn't much wind when he started, so he tied the sail down. Then it started to blow, and he nearly got carried out to sea! Yours, etc., WILLIE.







# BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE

'IMAGINES HE'S  
A  
MONKEY

